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THE UNIVERSAL SCHOOL READER

THE SUPPLEMENTARY WORK IN HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY, NATURE STUDY, CIVICS, LANGUAGE, MUSIC, ARITHMETIC.

FOURTH YEAR

LOUISE EMERY TUCKER

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UNIVERSAL SCHOOL READER

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

IN

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY, NATURE STUDY, CIVICS, LANGUAGE, MUSIC, AND ARITHMETIC

FOURTH YEAR

BY

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PREFACE

In writing this book, I have attempted to combine, under separate sections, the necessary supplementary material for the fourth grade. This ought to be, to the class teacher, a valuable book, for the following reasons: —

1. It places in the hands of the pupils a reading review of each subject taught in this grade.

2. It economizes time and space by making it unnecessary to keep storing and changing many sets of supplementary readers. It is thought that the principals will appreciate the saving which can be accomplished by using one supplementary reader instead of several.

3. The material has been selected with a view of broadening and rounding out the fragmentary knowledge of the child. In order to accomplish this purpose, I have endeavored,

a. To furnish facts of real informational value.

b. To present carefully chosen stories, anecdotes, etc., pertaining to the subject-matter.

c. To present any other matter which will correlate the new material with the child's apperceptive basis, or which will form a better preparation for the reception of new knowledge, or which will place this new knowledge nearer to the field of the child's experience.

My thanks are due to F. Eleanor Wachenhuth, a teacher in Public School 93, Brooklyn, and to Gertrude E. Bassmann, a teacher in Public School 163, Manhattan, for careful research work.

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LOUISE E. TUCKER.

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"Great, wide, beautiful World."

UNIVERSAL SCHOOL READER

FOURTH YEAR

"Ever through the senses, Nature woos the child."

THE CHILD'S WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Oh! you are so great and I am so small
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me, and said, quite gay,

"If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother, too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

"Teach them to guard with jealous care
The land that gave them birth,
As patriot sons of patriot sires —
The dearest spot on earth.
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
Like true men pure and brave,
And o'er them, through the ages, bid
Freedom's fair banner wave." [1]

— SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

"Old Earth, the mother of us all."

[1] From "Beacon Lights of Patriotism." Copyright, 1894, by Silver, Burdett and Company.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

THE FOUNDING OF NEW YORK CITY

On the western coast of Europe there is a small country called Holland. It is made up of very low land, some of which is below the level of the sea. The ocean is kept out by means of large earth-walls called dikes.

This country is the home of the Dutch people. They become so used to the sea that many of them grow up to be sailors and traders. One of the largest of their trading

A Scene in Holland.

companies was called the Dutch East India Company. This company carried on a large trade with the eastern land of India.

From India, this Dutch company brought spices, cloths, rich shawls, and precious stones to sell to the other nations

A Caravan crossing the Desert.

of Europe. All of these things were very expensive, because they had to be brought for many miles across sandy deserts, by caravans of camels. It would have been much cheaper if these goods could have been brought all the way to Europe by water. After Columbus had proved that the world was round, many nations sent bold sailors to find a northeast way to India.

A Dutch Child.

Among the nations who sent out ships to find this cheap way to India was this little Dutch nation. They sent out a ship whose captain was an Englishman named Henry Hudson. His ship was called the

Half Moon. For many days he sailed west across the ocean and north along the coast of North America, until he came to the mouth of a great river. He did not know that this was a river. He thought that it was the northeast passage to India for which he was looking. He cast anchor in the harbor and went ashore with his men. The Indians flocked around him. They were friendly to him, because they thought that these strange men had come from the Great Spirit. They thought that the ships were great white-winged birds which had brought the men from the home of the Great Spirit. Hudson and his men traded knives, red cloth, and trinkets with the Indians for rich furs, which would bring a high price in Europe.

Henry Hudson.

Henry Hudson and his men sailed as far up the river as the site of the city of Albany. He named it the "River of Mountains." It was afterwards named the Hudson River, in his honor. Then Hudson went home to Holland to tell that he had not found the northeast passage to India, but that profitable trading could be done with the Indians in this new land.

Soon settlers came to make a trading station for receiving and collecting furs, in order to have them ready when

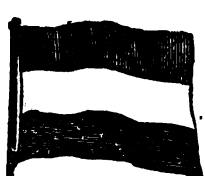
The *Half Moon* in the Highlands: Hudson trading with the Indians.

the vessels came to take them back to Europe, as thus much time would be saved.

The Dutch traders needed land on which to build their station. So they bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians. They paid for it about twenty-four dollars' worth of trinkets. That was a fair price then, because the Indians had all the rest of the land for themselves. The selling of one little island did not matter at all to them.

The island to-day, according to the tax records, is worth three thousand three hundred millions of dollars. Can you tell what has caused this great increase in value?

As soon as the island had been bought, a fort was built. The traders named it Fort Amsterdam, after the city of Amsterdam, Holland, from which they had come. A little later, a larger fort was built. This new fort was a large house built of stones and of earth. It was three hundred feet long and two hundred and fifty feet wide, large enough to hold all the women and children, if there should be trouble with the Indians. In the yard of the fort were built a stone church, barracks for the soldiers, a house for the governor of the colony, and three windmills to pump water and grind grain. The Dutch flag was raised at the fort. The yard was fenced in with a stout stockade. Opposite to the fort, a large, open space was left. It was called Bowling Green. Here the children played and the men and women met to talk over all the news.



The Dutch Flag.

The people built their houses near the fort. They were small houses made of logs and only one story high. The little settlement was named New Amsterdam, and was made in the year 1614. All of the settlers were soon busy at work. Each man had his own farm and his own cows. No one was idle. All were industrious, and the little town became very prosperous.

Adrian Block

Adrian Block was one of the first fur traders. He sailed back and forth from Holland to New Amsterdam. On his voyage to Holland, his cargoes were of costly furs, and on his return to New Amsterdam he carried supplies for the traders and trinkets for the Indians.

Adrian Block built four houses in which he and his men could live while they were doing their trading with the Indians. These were the first Dutch houses built in New Amsterdam. Once, just as he was nearly ready to sail home to Holland, his vessel, the *Tiger*, was burned. He at once began to build a new ship with the help of the Indians. They also brought food for him and his men during all the time that they were building the vessel. This was the first ship built in New Amsterdam.

In 1890 the Holland Society of New York, a society made up of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers, put this tablet on the building at 41 Wall Street, to help people to remember the man who built the first house and the first ship in our city. Block Island is named after him.

THIS TABLET MARKS THE SITE OF THE
FIRST HABITATIONS OF WHITE MEN
ON THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN.
ADRIAN BLOCK,
COMMANDER OF THE TIGER,
ERECTED HERE FOUR HOUSES OR HUTS
NOVEMBER 1613.
HE BUILT THE RESTLESS, THE FIRST VESSEL
MADE BY EUROPEANS IN THIS COUNTRY.
THE RESTLESS WAS LAUNCHED
IN THE SPRING OF 1614.
THIS TABLET IS PLACED HERE BY
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
SEPTEMBER 1890.

Peter Minuit

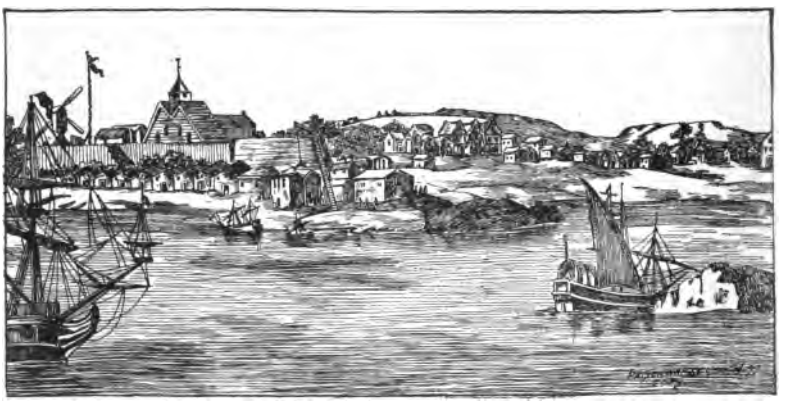
The Dutch East India Company decided to give New Amsterdam more settlers. They offered free passage and employment to people who were willing to go there to live. They next drew up a plan of government for the colony and sent Peter Minuit over to New Amsterdam as its governor. He was a man who knew how to govern in a kindly way. He did many wise things for the good of the colony.

He bought the island of Manhattan from the Indians. He kept the name Manhattan, which had been the name of the Indian tribe that lived there. Manhattan means "Place of the Whirlpool," and the island was so named from the whirling waters of Hell Gate.

Minuit next began to govern the colony. He, with a

council of five of the wisest men of the colony, ruled as he pleased. The people were simply servants of the colony. They could not own land or trade with the Indians, and they were forbidden to do many other things. Everything was planned for the advantage of the company. We shall see, by and by, how much better off the English colonists were.

Minuit then built Fort Amsterdam and named the colony New Amsterdam. He started trade on a large scale with



Fort Amsterdam.

the Indians, and then he began to trade with Governor Bradford and his English colony at Plymouth.

The West India Company did not think that the colony was growing fast enough. So they offered the title of patroon, or lord, and sixteen miles of land on the river bank to any wealthy merchant who would plant a colony. These men were to satisfy the Indians for the land, to bring over,

within four years, at least fifty colonists over fifteen years of age, and to provide the colony with a minister and a schoolmaster.

Several merchants accepted this offer. Soon several patroons and their colonists had settled large pieces of land. The patroons soon began to interfere with the fur trade of the company, and Minuit, siding with the patroons, was called back to Holland. He had ruled wisely for six years and had done well for the colony. He left it in very good condition.

DUTCH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

The Dutch settler built his house on any part of his land that he pleased. Little paths led from houses to barns, and lanes led from house to house, and from farm to farm. Wider roads led to the ferries, to the church in the fort, and to Bowling Green.

English, Scotch, German, Irish, and Jewish settlers came to the colony. The greatest in number were the Dutch. It was said that fifteen different languages were spoken in New Amsterdam at this time. Traders from all parts of the world came to New Amsterdam. Then, as to-day, our city was the home of many people from many lands.

The Dutch language was used in the churches and in the city schools. The Indians called the Dutch cloth workers and iron workers, because they spun and wove cloth and made articles of iron.

The poor people lived in little huts, near the wall, but

A Dutch Lady of New Amsterdam.

the houses of the rich people were large. These houses were built of wood with their gable ends built of small black and yellow bricks brought over from Holland. The chimneys were large and low on the street side, so that the chimney sweeps could clean them very easily from the outside.

Every house had many doors and windows. The windows could be covered with wooden shutters. The date of building the house was usually placed in iron letters on the front door. On the roof was a weather-cock.

The houses were neat as a pin, both inside and out. The furniture was of heavy mahogany, and there was fine old silver and china. Two feather beds were used, a heavy one to sleep upon, and a lighter one as a covering. The children slept in trundle-beds. In the daytime, these trundle-beds were pushed under the grown-up people's beds, out of the way.

A Dutchman of New Amsterdam.

The rooms were very large. The floors were covered with clean, white sand, on which patterns were made with a broom. Great open fireplaces supplied the heat. These fireplaces had borders of tiles on which Scripture stories were told in pictures. The houses were lighted with pine knots and with home-made tallow candles.

A Dutch Family in New Amsterdam.

The women were excellent housekeepers. Every house had its great oak chest of linen, woven by the women of the family, and there were many spinning wheels. The houses were very, very clean. One woman, the wife of Mynheer Van Cortlandt, made a great fuss about the dirt road in front of her house. She said that, on account of it, she could not keep her house clean. So the city finally put

down a stone pavement. People thought that this was a wonderful thing to do. They came from far and wide to look at it. In fun, they called it the "stone street." It still exists in New York City and is still named "Stone Street."

The Dutch used sundials and hourglasses to tell the time. In church, on Sunday, the minister preached just an hour. When the sand had all run out of the top of the hourglass, the sexton told him, and he closed his sermon.

The Dutch were gay, happy, wholesome people. They were fond of dancing, of eating, and of bowling. We get from them our legend of Santa Claus or Saint Nicholas at Christmas, our colored eggs at Easter, and the old custom of making calls on New Year's Day.

Many of the rich colonists had country houses called "Boweries." These were great houses with wide porches. In front of the house was a garden laid out in stiff figures.

PETER STUYVESANT

After Peter Minuit went home to Holland, New Amsterdam had two governors who did her harm, instead of good. The first one was very stupid. The second one was very obstinate. For two years, there was no governor. Then Peter Stuyvesant was sent over to be governor. He was a brave man who had been governor in other colonies. He made friends with the Indians who had been made enemies by the two governors who had come before him; but he had an overbearing way which the people did not like. He told them that he must look out for the rights of

the West India Company before the rights of the colonists. When he made his first speech to them, he kept them standing bareheaded for one hour, while he wore his hat. They did not like this at all.

Until Stuyvesant came, the people had had religious freedom. He let them worship as they pleased in their

Peter Stuyvesant.

own houses, but the only public church worship that they could have was the service in the Dutch Reformed Church.

All of these things made the people so angry that nobody liked Stuyvesant except the members of his own family.

Stuyvesant had lost a leg in war and he used to wear a

wooden leg with silver bands. On account of this, and because he was so obstinate, he was called "Headstrong Peter," and "Old Silver Leg." The Indians called him "Father Wooden Leg."

Stuyvesant lived in a town house near South Ferry. His house was called White Hall. Whitehall Street is named after it. His country place, or "Bowerie," extended from what is now 16th Street to Cooper Square and from the East River to Fourth Avenue. The house stood near Third Avenue and 10th Street. The Stuyvesant High School now stands on the northern part of Stuyvesant's farm.

For some time, the English had claimed the land of New Amsterdam. In 1664 the English king granted it to his brother, the Duke of York. Captain Nicolls, with a fleet of vessels, came and demanded the surrender of the town to the English.

Stuyvesant began to get ready to defend the place. He tore in pieces the letter from the English captain which demanded the surrender of the city. But the people would not fight. They were tired of the tyranny of Stuyvesant. They liked the way that the English colonies were governed and they thought that they would be better off under English rule. So they made Stuyvesant piece the letter together and read it to them. Then they made him surrender. As he ordered the white flag raised on the fort, he cried, "I would rather be carried to my grave!" This happened September 8, 1664. New Amsterdam then became an English colony.

ENGLISH RULE IN NEW AMSTERDAM

When the English took possession of New Amsterdam, they changed its name to New York. They did this in honor of the English king's brother, the Duke of York. Little by little, the English language took the place of the Dutch language. Governor Nicolls, the first English gov-

New Amsterdam.

ernor, was a gentleman who was very much liked. He governed the colonists wisely and well, but they did not get the privileges which they had expected.

The second governor was Francis Lovelace. He, too, was very much liked. In 1672 he started the postal service between New York and Boston. The first letter carrier rode on horseback. He started at Bowery Road and went towards Harlem. Here the people all cheered

him on his way. He rode through the woods of Connecticut, and as he went along, he marked the trees, so that he could find his way back again. At Hartford, he changed horses and went on to Boston. In every town through which he passed, letters and parcels were collected to await his coming. His journey was a very important one, for two reasons: In the first place, this was the beginning of communication between the colonies, and it helped them to unite, later on, to fight England; in the second place, it was the beginning of the great postal system which now connects every part of our great country.

In 1678 New York was the only colony to have the privilege of bolting flour. By bolting flour is meant the sifting out of the finest part of flour from the bran. This helped very much to build up the city, because many houses and ships were needed for packing and shipping the flour. This happened while Sir Edmund Andros was governor. He was hot tempered like Governor Stuyvesant. The people called him "The Tyrant."

Governor Andros was followed by Governor Thomas Dongan, the first Catholic to rule in New York. He helped get for the colony a new charter, called the "Dongan Charter." It gave to the people many privileges which they had not had before. Among these privileges were the right not to be taxed except by their own consent, freedom in religion, and the right of being tried by a jury of twelve men. Thus no man was likely to be unjustly punished. A copy of this charter is kept in the City Hall.

THE SEAL OF NEW YORK CITY

In 1670, a seal was granted to the city of New York. Every part of the design of the seal represents something associated with the history of the city.

The Latin motto around the edge means, "Seal of the City of New York." An Indian and a sailor are shown on the seal, because they were the two kinds of people who first lived in New York. In the upper part of the seal there was a crown, to show that England ruled the colony. After the colonies became free, the crown was changed to an eagle.

The Seal of New York City.

In the center of the seal are the four arms of a windmill, two barrels, and two beavers. These things show the two early sources of the city's wealth. The beavers stand for the fur trade. The arms of the windmill and the barrels stand for the special privilege of bolting flour. Thus the city's seal tells much of its early history.

JACOB LEISLER

There had been war in England and that had made trouble in the colonies. New York was waiting for a new governor to come from England. There were two parties in New York. One formed a Committee of Safety and

chose Jacob Leisler to rule until the new governor should come. The other party made him a great deal of trouble.

The lieutenant-governor arrived first. He told Leisler that he would take Leisler's place. As he had no papers telling who he was, Leisler would not let him have it. Two months later, Governor Sloughter arrived and Leisler at once gave up his place to him. The lieutenant-governor complained to Governor Sloughter and Leisler was arrested and charged with treason. He was condemned to death, but Governor Sloughter would not sign the order for him to be put to death. The lieutenant-governor then gave a dinner to Governor Sloughter. After the governor had drunk so much wine that he did not know what he was doing, the lieutenant-governor got him to sign the paper.

Leisler was hanged on the spot where the building of the *New York Sun* now stands. His execution made the people very angry. Later on, England decided that he was not guilty of treason. Of course this did not do him any good, but it gave back to his wife and children his property which had been taken by the city.

We ought to be grateful to Leisler, because his free rule gave the people their first taste of liberty. Later on, this made them willing to fight England.

NEW YORK DURING THE REVOLUTION

In Revolutionary times, New York was still only a collection of little villages and towns. Nearly every house had its garden. Large corn and wheat fields were in what

is now the heart of the city. One of the largest of these cornfields was where the Grand Central Station now stands. Washington's troops, fleeing from the British, once retreated through that very field.

In Revolutionary days, all of the city of New York was below Baxter Street. Chatham Square was a pasture for cattle. Washington Square was a burial ground for paupers. The first road to extend the length of Manhattan Island was the Bowery. During the Revolution, the British soldiers in New York lived in little huts along both sides of Bowery Road.

The signs above the shops were very queer, for the shopkeepers did not put their names on the signs as is now done, but had painted on the sign the picture of some animal or object. They did this because many of the people could not read. Some of the signs were very strange.

A watchmaker's sign would bear a dial. On other signs might be seen a leopard, a white swan, the sun, the Bible, a bear, or a pair of crossed swords. Can you tell for what kind of a store each one of these signs stood?

In the coffee houses you could buy a cup of coffee for a penny, and could sit as long as you liked, by a hot fire, and hear all of the gossip of the city.

A great many exciting things happened in New York during the Revolution. The New Yorkers were very patriotic, and when the British king ordered them to use paper bearing a certain stamp for all their legal affairs, they refused to receive it, so that none of it was sold.

The principal battle fought in New York was the Battle

of Harlem Heights, fought on September 15 and 16, 1776. Washington was holding New York, but he had gone out of the city proper to make his headquarters at the Apthorpe Mansion at Eighth Avenue and 91st Street. The British rowed over from Newtown Creek and Washington heard firing. He ran out, only to find his troops retreating towards Kingsbridge. He dashed among them and shouted, "Take to the walls! Take to the cornfield!" Seeing that he could not stop the retreat, he spurred his horse on to Harlem Heights. Here he massed his army, where 119th Street runs near Morningside Park. For four hours the battle was fought. The British lost the day. The victory encouraged the Americans. However, it was not worth much, as General Howe was still master of New York.

Stamp Act Stamps.

After the Revolution, New York grew very fast. Its people began to carry on commerce and manufacturing.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW YORK

De Witt Clinton and the Erie Canal

De Witt Clinton was the third son of General James Clinton. He was born in 1769 and was educated at the Kingston Academy and at Columbia College. He was the first student to be registered at Columbia College, after

its name had been changed from King's College to Columbia College.

Clinton was graduated at the head of his class. Then he studied law. He was elected to serve the state, first in the Assembly and then in the Senate. He became mayor of New York, and then governor of New York State. In all these positions he gave valuable service.

De Witt Clinton.

He organized the Historical Society, which tries to teach to all the history of both city and state. It was through him that the first free English school was opened, and he was the first president of the Public School Society.

He believed that a canal could be built from Lake Erie to the Hudson River, thus connecting the waters of Lake Erie with the Atlantic Ocean. If this was done, New York would get a great inland trade. Very few people thought that such a canal could be built. Even President Jefferson said, "it is madness to think of such a thing."

The first spadeful of earth was dug for the canal on July 4, 1817. After it was started people complained that

the governor was wasting money. They still made fun of the plan and called the canal "Clinton's big ditch."

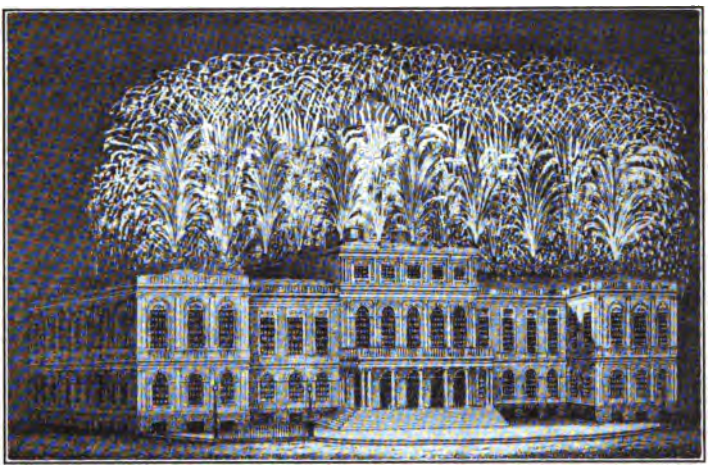
The Erie Canal at Buffalo.

It was a great piece of work, for the canal had to be dug through rocks and hills. Locks were built so that the

Traveling on the Erie Canal in 1825.

water in the canal could be raised or lowered, thus raising or lowering the boats whenever the canal went over hills or

through valleys. After eight years the canal was at last finished, and great ceremonies were held on November 4, 1825, to celebrate the opening of the "big ditch." The City Hall and other buildings in New York City were illuminated. Governor Clinton and a party of other distinguished people made the first trip to the Atlantic Ocean. When they reached it, Governor Clinton emptied into



Illumination of New York City Hall during the Canal Celebration.

the ocean a keg of water taken from Lake Erie. He did this to show that the two bodies of water were united by the building of the Erie Canal.

The canal has had a large share in making New York the great city that it is, and it has helped to develop New York State and the West.

The De Witt Clinton High School in New York City is

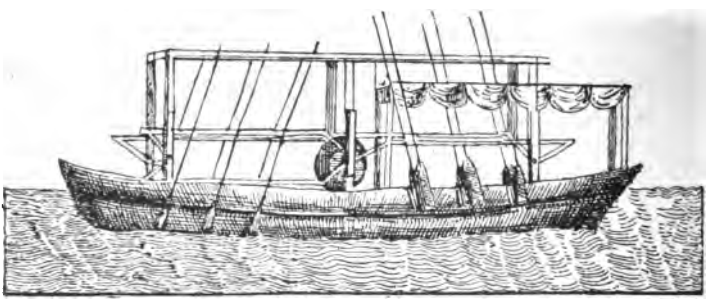
named for Governor Clinton. In the assembly room of that school there is a magnificent picture showing Governor Clinton pouring the water from Lake Erie into the Atlantic Ocean.

De Witt Clinton is one of the famous men of New York State and should always be remembered in connection with the history of the state and the city of New York

Fulton and the Steamboat

In the early days, travel was very slow and very uncomfortable. People traveled on horseback, in stage coaches, and in trading packets. It took seven days to make the trip by water from Albany to New York.

A good many people thought that steam could be used to move a boat through the water, but nobody seemed to



Plan of Mr. Fitch's Steamboat.

know exactly how to do it. At last John Fitch, who lived in Connecticut, built a boat on the Delaware River. He had, on each side of the boat, six oars which were moved by a small engine. He named his boat the *Perseverance.*

In 1788, this boat steamed twenty miles in three hours. The journey was made from Philadelphia to Burlington. It cost so much to run the boat that she did not make many trips. Mr. Fitch used to say that there would come a time when steamboats would run on all of the rivers and oceans. People only laughed at him and called him a "dreamer of dreams."

In 1807, Robert Fulton built a large vessel to be moved by paddle wheels, worked by steam. Everybody laughed

The *Clermont* on the Hudson.

at his boat. People called it "Fulton's Folly." He named his vessel the *Clermont*. Some people were afraid when they saw the steamboat pass them. The *Clermont* could go five miles an hour. It cost much less to run it than to run the *Perseverance*. The *Clermont* was the first practical steamboat.

Fulton did not get much money out of his invention. He died poor and was buried in Trinity Churchyard in New York City.

Morse and the Telegraph

Samuel Finley Breese Morse was an American artist who had made a study of electricity. While he was on a voyage from Europe to America, he made a drawing of a telegraph instrument. Five years later, he made an instrument like his drawing.

Morse was very poor, but he had a friend, named Alfred Vail, who was a good mechanic. This young man helped Morse to make his instruments. He persuaded his father to lend Morse money with which to buy materials, and he secured the patent for Morse.

Morse went to Washington and asked Congress to give him thirty thousand dollars to build a telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington, a distance of forty miles. Congress was not at all in favor of Morse's plan, and one member said, "Let us set aside some money to build a railway to the moon!"

Morse became so discouraged that he left the meeting of Congress and went back to his hotel. He began to pack up, so that he could return to New York the next morning. His money was all gone.

The next morning, as he sat at breakfast in his hotel, a young lady came up to him and said, "I congratulate you upon the passage of your bill!"

"What?" shouted Morse, jumping to his feet. "It is impossible!"

"No," she replied, "after a hot fight, it was passed."

"If that is true," said Morse, "you shall send the first message over the line!"

He took the money and built the line from Washington to Baltimore. It was finished and opened, May 25, 1844. True to his promise, he sent for the young lady, Miss Annie G. Ellsworth. She sent the first message over the line. It was, "What hath God wrought!"

The railroad and the telegraph have made it possible for this country to be united. In only a few moments news can be flashed from one end of the country to another. Wireless telegraphy is making it possible to do the same thing with ships at sea.

If a ship is in distress, her wireless operator calls up the nearest wireless receiving station. The operator there calls the ship nearest to her and orders it to go to her rescue. Thus much time is saved. Many ships and hundreds of human lives have already been saved in this way.

Field and the Laying of the Atlantic Cable

Soon after the telegraph had been used a little while, it was shown that properly protected wires could be laid under water.

Cyrus W. Field was a wealthy citizen of New York City. He thought that it would be an easy matter to lay a cable across the Atlantic and thus connect North America and Europe by telegraph.

Two attempts were made to lay the cable on the bottom of the ocean, but both of these early attempts were failures. At last, in 1858, a cable was laid and Queen Victoria and

President Buchanan exchanged greetings. However, in less than a month it broke down. Mr. Field kept on trying to interest people in his scheme, but it was very hard work.

Finally he succeeded. A new cable was made and the *Great Eastern* was sent to lay it. When it was half laid, it broke, and half of it was lost. The next year a new cable was laid. Moreover, the lost cable was found and another half was spliced to it. This happened in 1866.

Since then many other cables have been laid across the different oceans. These cables connect the foreign countries very closely. They help business and the growth of civilization. Our morning paper now contains the news from every country on the globe, for which, but for the cable, we should have to wait a very long time.

The Brooklyn Bridge

In 1870, the city of New York started to build the great Brooklyn Bridge to connect the cities of New York and Brooklyn. It was to be a suspension bridge, crossing the East River.

This bridge is one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished. It is one and one eighth miles long. It is one hundred and thirty-five feet above the surface of the water, and the tallest ships can pass under it.

There are two great piers which carry four great steel-wire cables. From these hang more than two thousand small cables which support the iron and steel framework of the bridge. The bridge is eighty-five feet wide. On the middle is a footpath. On each side of this path are

tracks for elevated trains and cable cars. Outside the tracks are roads for teams. All of these tracks are entirely separate. The bridge cost fifteen million dollars. It was finished in 1883, and has been of great benefit to both sec-

The Brooklyn Bridge.

tions of the city. Every day it is crossed by thousands and thousands of people.

The Williamsburg Bridge connects Broadway, Brooklyn, with Delancy Street, Manhattan. It was opened December, 1903.

Queensborough Bridge was opened March 31, 1909. It connects 59th Street, Manhattan, with the Borough of Queens.

These bridges all help to make New York City more compact by making travel easier. They enable people to live in less congested districts and they also aid business.

Consolidation of Greater New York

On January 1, 1898, the large city of Greater New York was formed. The old cities of New York, Brooklyn, and Long Island City, and all of Staten Island united to form one city — the largest city in the western world.

The city is divided into five boroughs. These boroughs are Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, Richmond, and Bronx. Each borough has its president and a mayor rules the whole city.

Peter Cooper

Peter Cooper was born in New York City in 1791. He was a poor boy. His father was so poor that he could not spare him to go to school for more than six months. He was apprenticed to a wagon builder and for a long time earned only fifty dollars a year. He bought tallow candles and educated himself by studying at night. He made up his mind that, if ever he became a rich man, he would found a night school for mechanics, so that they would have a chance to learn.

He opened a shop of his own and failed. Then he opened a grocery store. Here, he earned only a bare living. While he kept this store, he found a new way of making glue. His glue is now known all over the world.

He soon established an iron foundry at Trenton. Here he introduced the use of hard coal in place of soft coal. He also was the first one to suggest the use of iron beams in fireproof buildings. He designed and built the first iron locomotive made in America.

Mr. Cooper was always interested in manual training. In 1859, he gave to the city a whole block at the junction of Third and Fourth Avenues as a site for a Manual Training Evening School for young mechanics. This school was called Cooper Institute, or Cooper Union, in his honor. By the payment of a very small fee, a mechanic may attend day or evening school there and can learn any trade thoroughly.

Opening of the Subway

In 1903–1904 the city built its first subway. The contractor was John B. McDonald. This is called the Interborough Subway. It now extends from Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, under the East River, to Kingsbridge and to West Farms.

The second subway, the Hudson Tunnel, was built by William G. McAdoo. It extends from 23d Street and Sixth Avenue to Hoboken. It passes under the Hudson River.

Both subways are to be extended. They are of great value to traffic.

NATURE STUDY

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'"

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

SPIDERS

"The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."
— Bible.

The Spider, the Butterfly, and the Bee

"How busy you are this morning!" said the butterfly to the spider.

"I am spinning, merely spinning," said the spider, demurely.

"How good the spider is! She is just like you, always at work. I found her at home just now on the rosebush hard at her spinning," cried the butterfly to a sage old bee, who was gathering honey with all his might.

"Like me!" exclaimed the bee. "No, friend, no, I am never idle. I love industry and practice it. So far you may compare me to the spider, but in nothing more. *My* labor is spent in preparing sweet food for others. *Her* time is spent in spinning snares to catch the foolish ones, so that she may eat them."

Spinnerets.

— Adapted from *Leisure Hour.*

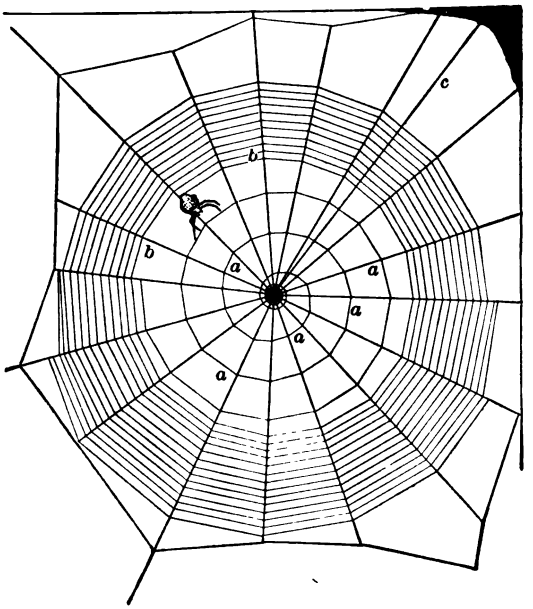
The Spider's Web

The word *spider* means a spinner. The spider which we see is a tiny creature about half as large as a grain of corn. It cannot jump and it has no wings. Yet we often find it upon the limb of a tree, far from the ground. It has a wonderful little organ called a *spinneret*, and with this the spider makes silk. When he wishes to cross an empty space, he reels off a thread of silk. The wind carries this thread over the space and the spider runs across, over the thread.

These silken threads are very strong, because they are made of many little threads twisted together. Sometimes a spider lowers himself from a great height by means of this thread.

With these threads the spider builds a web, or net, in which to catch his prey. The spider usually sleeps at one side of the web. He has a private telephone line which reaches to the center of the web and one claw always rests upon his thread. Whenever anything touches the web, it tightens this thread and thus sends word to the spider.

The more an insect struggles to get out of the web, the more entangled it becomes. The spider runs round and round



A Spider Web.

a, first spiral line; *b*, second spiral line; *c*, line to nest.

his victim, spins his silken cord, and binds him tighter yet. When he is hungry, he stings his victim to death and then eats him.

The Spider and the Fly

"Will you walk into my parlor?"
Said the Spider to the Fly.
"'Tis the prettiest little parlor
That ever you did spy.

"The way into my parlor
  Is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things
  To show when you are there."

"Oh, no, no!" said the little Fly,
  "To ask me is in vain!
For who goes up *your* winding stair,
  Can ne'er come down again."

. . . . . .

"Sweet creature," said the Spider,
  "You're witty and you're wise;
How handsome are your gauzy wings!
  How brilliant are your eyes!"

"I thank you, gentle sir," she said,
  "For what you're pleased to say,
And, bidding you good-morning now,
  I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about
  And went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly
  Would soon come back again.

So he wove a subtle web
  In a little corner sly,
And set his table ready
  To dine upon the Fly;

Then came out to his door again,
  And merrily did sing:
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly,
  With the pearl and silver wing.

"Your robes are green and purple —
  There's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright,
  But mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon
  This silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words,
  Came slowly flitting by.

With buzzing wings she hung aloft,
  Then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes
  And green and purple hue —

"With buzzing wings she hung aloft."

Thinking only of her crested head —
  Poor, foolish thing! At last
Up jumped the cunning Spider
  And fiercely held her fast.

He dragged her up his winding stair,
  Into his dismal den,
Within his little parlor —
  But she ne'er came out again.

And now, dear little children,
  Who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words,
  I pray you ne'er give heed.

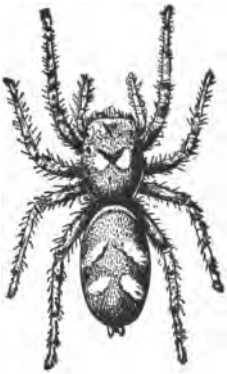
Unto an evil counselor,
  Close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale
  Of the Spider and the Fly.

— MARY HOWITT.

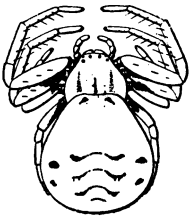
KINDS OF SPIDERS AND THEIR WEBS

There are many kinds of spiders, and each kind has a different way of making its web or house.

The *jumping spiders* are generally very small. They live on old fences and around stone walls. They watch their chance to pounce upon insects, and can jump like cats.

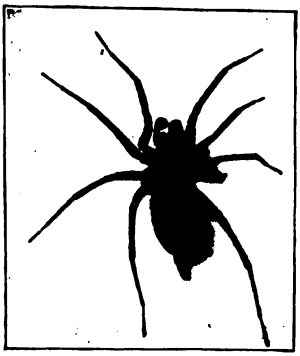

Jumping Spider.

The *crab spiders* get their name from their queer shape and from their habit of running sideways, like a crab. They live inside of flowers, and make themselves the colors of whatever flower they visit. This helps to hide them, so that they can catch the butterflies and insects that come to gather honey from the flowers.

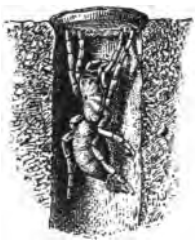

Crab Spider.

The *garden spider* spins a very beautiful web. It is shaped like a wheel. He

begins it by making lines for the spokes of the wheel. Then, starting at the center, he spins round and round, from spoke to spoke. Next he goes to the outer edge and walks upon these lines towards the center. As he goes, he spins sticky lines nearer together and destroys the first lines. When the web is finished, he fastens it with silk thread, so that it only swings gently with the wind. If a spider's web is destroyed, he mends it or rebuilds it. He has great patience.



Garden Spider.



Trapdoor Spider.

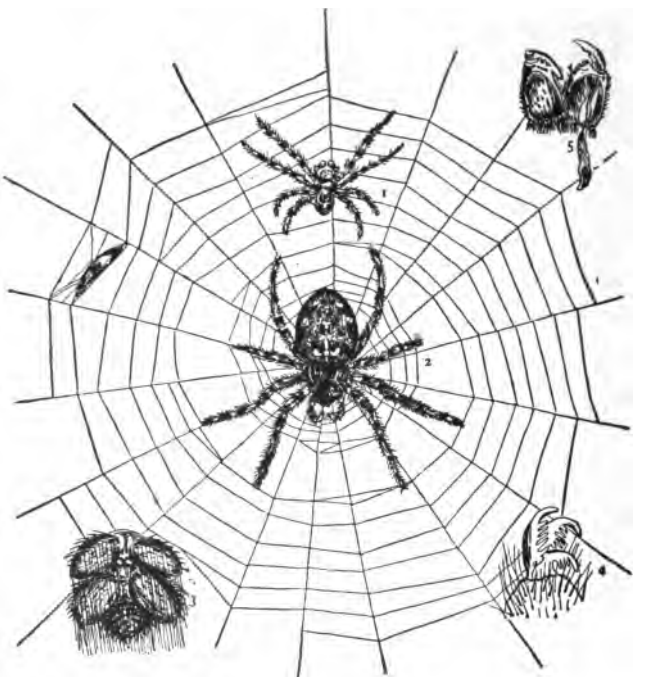
The *house spider* builds his web with a tangle of threads. These webs have no regular shape. They are called *cobwebs.*

The *balloon spider* fills the air with delicate threads of silk. As each thread is thrown out, the wind carries it along and snarls it together. When he has spun enough thread, he jumps up into the mass, and sails away in his silken balloon.

Tarantula.

The *diving spider* takes down into the water a bubble of air which acts like a diving bell.

The *trapdoor spider* builds a large underground house. First he digs a hole and carries out the soil, bit by bit.



A Spider and its Web.

1, male; 2, female; 3, spinnerets; 4, a claw of foot; 5, claw, showing poison gland.

Then he lines the sides of the hole with silk. The door is about the size of a silver quarter. It is made of a pad of webs and has a hinge that closes with a snap.

The outside of the door is covered with clay and is made as

nearly like the other ground as possible. The spider does this so that his home cannot be easily found by his enemies. When the spider is at home, he holds the door down, so that it is very hard to open it.

One trapdoor spider does not hunt. He comes out at night, fastens back his door, and builds a web. Then he hides and waits for insects to get caught.

Among the largest spiders are the *tarantulas*. They live in southern California. Their bodies are about an inch long. One kind of tarantula makes a deep burrow and builds a chimney over it. He builds this in such a way that it looks like a tiny log cabin. He is a splendid carpenter.

Robert Bruce and the Spider

Many years ago, Robert Bruce was king of Scotland. He was a brave soldier and a wise king. His people loved him dearly. The King of England made war upon King Robert and tried to take his kingdom of Scotland away from him.

Six times King Robert had taken a large army to fight the English king. Six times he and his soldiers had been defeated and had been forced to flee for their lives. He himself was forced to hide among the woods and the mountains.

One day he lay in a rude shed, waiting for the rain to stop. He was very much discouraged and was ready to give up the struggle. As he lay there, he saw a spider building its web. Six times the tiny creature tried to throw her thread from one beam to another. Six times she failed.

"Poor little spider," said the king to himself. "You and I have both failed six times."

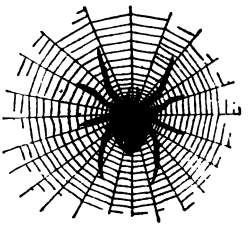
But the spider did not give up hope. Very carefully, she tried for the seventh time. This time she was successful.

Bruce watching the Spider.

King Robert, filled with hope, jumped up and cried, "I, too, will try for the seventh time!"

He called his soldiers from their hiding places and marched once more against the English. This time he won a great battle and drove the English king out of his country. For many years, he ruled wisely over a peaceful, happy land. After this happened, no man named Bruce would ever harm a spider.

Tale of Two Spiders



Two spiders, so the story goes,
Upon a living bent,
Entered the meetinghouse one day,
And hopefully were heard to say:
"Here we shall have at least fair play,
With nothing to prevent."

Each chose his place and went to work;
The light webs grew apace;
One on the sofa spun his thread,
But shortly came the sexton dread,
And swept him off and so, half-dead.
He sought another place.

"I'll try the pulpit next," said he,
"There surely is a prize;
The desk appears so neat and clean
I'm sure no spider there has been;
Besides, how often have I seen
The pastor brushing flies!"

He tried the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved visionary;
With dusting brush the sexton came,
And spoilt his geometric game,
Nor gave him time or space to claim
The right of sanctuary.

At length half starved and weak and lean
He sought his former neighbor,
Who now had grown so sleek and round,
He weighed the fraction of a pound
And looked as if the art he'd found
Of living without labor.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thumps and knocks,
Whilst you have grown so very gross?"
"'Tis plain," he answered, "not a loss
I've met, since first I spun across
The contribution box."

— ALICE CLARK.

HOW THE SPIDER DEFENDS HIMSELF

The spider has very long legs. Sometimes he uses them to run away from his enemies. Sometimes he curls himself up in a little ball and pretends that he is dead. At other times he poisons his enemies by stinging them. Some spiders are able to protect themselves by turning to the color of the leaves or of the ground on which they rest.

The enemies of the spiders are toads, frogs, birds (especially the black crow), and man.

The spiders' prey is smaller insects, especially flies, small lizards, and tiny birds. The spider is very useful in the garden, because he eats many insects harmful to plants. The natives of the Philippine Islands keep in their houses a large spider which helps to free their houses from insects.

THE STORY OF ARACHNE

Long ago, in the city of Athens, there lived a beautiful maiden whose name was Arachne. Her father was a famous dyer of cloth. He was especially famed for his cloth of Tyrian purple. He taught his daughter to spin and to weave, until she became so skillful that none of the other maidens could equal the beauty of her work. When she

wove fruit and flowers in her cloth, the birds would come and try to eat them. Once she wove a mountain with a river flowing down its side. The river was so true to life that maidens came and tried to bathe in its waters.

The goddess Minerva presided over spinning and weaving, so people said to the maiden, "Only Minerva could have taught you how to do this beautiful work." Arachne would not admit that even a goddess had taught her. She said, "Let Minerva herself come and have a spinning contest with me. I will soon show you that my work is better than hers."

Minerva heard her foolish boast and was sorry for her. She came in the form of an old woman to her and said, "Have contests with human beings, but do not try to have a contest with a goddess."

Arachne would not listen. Then the old woman changed into the goddess. She was very angry and she said, "The gods do not endure insults from mortals."

Minerva sat down at a loom and began to spin the pictures of her greatest triumphs. In the corner she put pictures of the fates of mortals who had dared to cross her will. She did this to warn Arachne, but the maiden was too foolish to heed the warning.

Arachne covered her tapestry with pictures of the defeats of the gods and of all the wrong that they had ever done. Her work was wonderful, but it could not compare with that of the goddess.

"Shame upon you, Arachne!" shouted the people. "You are insulting the gods!"

Minerva touched Arachne's web and it fell to pieces. Then she touched Arachne on the forehead with her spindle. In an instant the maiden saw how foolish she had been. She felt so sorry that she went away and hung herself with the threads of the wool with which she had been weaving.

When Minerva saw Arachne's grief, her eyes filled with tears. "Poor, foolish child!" said she. "I should have been proud of your great skill if you had not insulted me. Now you and all your kin must spin and hang forever by your own threads, as a warning to those who insult the gods."

As she spoke, Arachne was changed from a maiden hanging to a tree to a spider spinning and hanging from the center of its web. This is why the spider is always spinning a web.

Spiders' Eggs and Little Spiders

The spiders lay their eggs and then seal them up in silken balls. Here they remain until they hatch.

Some spiders hide their eggs in the ground; others place them in the nest; others perch them upon a stalk which they make and which looks like a little plant. The running and leaping spiders carry their eggs tied to their spinnerets. Still other spiders carry their eggs in their jaws.

The nests of eggs look like little brown balls. The eggs hatch out tiny spiders. The mother spider often carries the young ones on her back, until they are able to care for themselves.

Comparison of Spiders and Insects

Spiders are not true insects. This little table will help in their comparison with insects.

Spiders	*Insects*
1. Body has two parts.	1. Body has three parts.
2. Has eight legs.	2. Has six legs.
3. Has no wings.	3. Has four wings.
4. Breathes by lungs.	4. Breathes by little air tubes.
5. Born a perfect spider although a tiny one.	5. Born to go through metamorphoses or changes.

The Sad End of a Little Fly

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" sounded through the still room till the little girl who sat there wondered what could ail that fly, that it should make such a noise.

If she had been an insect instead of a girl, and had understood fly language as well as she did her own, she would have known that it was a Fly Mother talking to one of her children before he started on his journey into the world.

If the speech had been put into words, it would have sounded something like this: "You must always be on the lookout for traps, dear. Even in this room where you think yourself quite safe you might be killed, or, even worse, caught to suffer for hours in a lingering death."

The poor little Fly was frightened at this and said: "Oh, mother, please tell me how! I never dreamed I was in so wicked a world."

"In the first place, you must be careful never to light

in the corner of a windowpane, or, worse still, on the table in the dining room. There is a horrible weapon there, made of wires, and more than one of our relatives have met their death by being struck with that by a fair lady who looks as though she could never be anything but kind."

The little Fly buzzed in answer: "I'll remember never to get on the windowpane or the dining-room table. I think I shan't forget that."

"Oh, but that is not nearly all you must watch for," said the Fly Mother. "No matter how thirsty you may be, never drink from a dish of water in the house without looking into it. If you see gray paper in the bottom, look out, for that means certain death to us flies. I have seen the floor strewn with the dead bodies of our acquaintances."

"Two things to watch for," buzzed the little Fly. "I must not get in the way of the wire whip, or drink the water off of gray paper. I shall remember both of those, I am sure, and live to be an old fly."

"My dear child," buzzed the mother, in excitement, "there is something still worse: there is a most cruel form of torture that the kind people who live in houses have made for us. Whatever may happen, never light on a piece of something which looks like yellow paper. No matter if you do like the smell and think you would like the taste, keep away; for as surely as your feet touch it you will be caught fast, and there you must stay until you die, unless you have strength enough to pull your-

self loose, and then you must lose one of your legs. Your grandmother was killed that way, and for twenty-four hours we heard her buzz in her suffering. Oh, it was terrible!"

"Dear me!" said the little Fly, "three ways of killing us flies — the wire whip, water off of paper, and the sticky paper. The house seems such a bad place for flies, I think I will live out of doors."

"Out of doors is not much better," answered the mother. "Wherever a fly lives he has to be careful. There are the dragon flies. They look very beautiful and you would never dream of their hurting you. But unless you are on the watch, before you know it, one will fly towards you and, without stopping a bit, catch you with its feet and devour you."

"It is certainly a hard world for flies — wire whips, water, sticky paper, and dragon flies," said the Fly, as though he were learning a lesson.

Then the mother buzzed again: "Of course you will look out for spiders. Fortunately, we are all naturally afraid of spiders, and if one should ever invite you into his web, I hope you will be quite sure not to go, for you will never get out alive."

"Yes, I know spiders," was the little Fly's answer; "they make five enemies, don't they? The wire whip on the table, one; water, two; sticky paper, three; dragon flies, four; and spiders, five. That must be all, isn't it?"

"Oh, dear no! there is one thing more — that is, plants."

"Plants!" echoed the little Fly. "I thought they were our friends?"

"Some of them are, but not all. You must never go near the Venus flytrap or the pitcher plant. If you see a plant with something sweet —"

But Mother Fly never finished her sentence, for she had settled on the door to rest and the little girl, whom they had both quite forgotten, was so annoyed with their buzzing that she picked up the very wire whip against which the Fly Mother had warned her child, and, hitting her a smart rap, killed her instantly.

The little Fly, in a great fright, made his escape through the open window. He was quite sure now that it must be much safer to live outside the house, where one had only natural enemies to guard against, than indoors, where man had such cruel things to kill poor insects, especially flies.

He always hurried out of the way of dragon flies, and declined the kindest invitations from spiders, and often wondered in fly fashion what the plant against which his mother had warned him could be like; but as he had never heard her directions, he did not know what to look for. So he was afraid of them all.

One day as he crawled along the ground, he saw near him a plant with a curious, tall, purplish flower. On the outside of the stem of this flower was a groove which seemed to have been made just for a fly to climb up. There was something sweet like honey on it, too.

So the Fly thought, "This is so very nice, it surely is not one of the plants to be afraid of."

And up he started towards the top. When he reached there, he saw that the flower had a large opening. Inside there seemed to be little hairs which would serve as steps to help him down to the center of the flower, where was more of that delicious honey which he had tasted on his way up. Down he hurried for more honey.

But, alas! he found then that, though it might be easy to get in, it was very hard indeed to get out, for the little hairlike steps that had helped him down, pressed against him every time he tried to climb up. The honey at the bottom was only water.

And the poor little Fly knew that he was a prisoner in the pitcher plant — the very thing his mother had warned him against. He was very sure now that it was a hard world for flies. Hour after hour he buzzed and beat his wings against the sides, but the cruel plant held him fast. So, soon, there was one less fly in the world to be killed with wire whips, poisoned water, sticky flypaper, dragon flies, spiders, or pitcher plants.

— MARGARET P. BOYLE.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL

"Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast.
The Trumpeter, Gadfly, has summoned the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you."

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.
And there was the Gnat and the Dragon Fly too,
With all their relations, green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.

— T. Roscoe.

The Butterfly's Ball

SNAILS

Kinds of Snails

There are two kinds of snails, the land snails and the water snails. The land snails live in moist, damp places, and near ponds. In winter they hide themselves in the ground, and seal up the door of their shells with their slime. Here they sleep until spring comes. The water snails live in the sea. They have a sharp tongue, with rows and rows of teeth upon it. With this sawlike tongue the snail bores a hole in the shells of the clams and oysters.

If you look at the empty clam shells on the beach, you

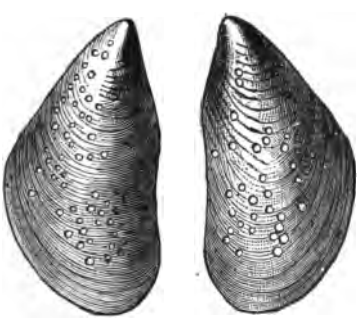
will often find one with a round hole in it. This hole was made by some snail which bored the hole, sucked out the clam, and ate it.

Some of the land snails eat insects and some eat leaves and vegetables. They are very fond of cabbage and lettuce. They file off the leaves with their tongues. The land snails are always very active just after rain.

A Snail.

l, mouth; *vf*, *hf*, feelers; *e*, opening of egg duct; *fu*, foot; *ma*, mantle; *lu*, opening to lung; *a*, vent.

On one end of the foot are suckers, by means of which the snail crawls from place to place. At the other end of the foot is the head. Upon the head are two pairs of tentacles. One pair is short. The snail smells with this pair. At the ends of the longer pair are two black spots which are called eyes, but which are really not eyes at all. These two sets of tentacles help the snail to find his food. If the snail's tentacles touch anything, they are often drawn into a sheath within the shell. Children often make the mistake of thinking that these tentacles are the snail's horns. In every language, there



Shells bored by Snails.

are little verses, like these, which are said by boys and girls, when they catch snails, —

> "Snail, snail,
> Show me your horns!"

and

> "Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
> Or else I'll beat you black as a coal!"

Water snails have only one pair of feelers. The black spots are at their base instead of at the end. All snails can move their feelers in any direction.

The snail's mouth is on the under side of its head. The mouth has a sawlike tongue and a hard upper lip. Back of the mouth is the throat which leads into the stomach. All of the land snails and most of the water snails breathe with a single lung which occupies all of the last spiral turn of the shell. When the water snail has no more air left in the lung, it must come to the surface of the water and fill the lung again. Some of the water snails, however, breathe by means of gills.

Cross-section of Snail Shell.

The snail also has a heart, liver, and intestines, and a very simple nervous system. The blood of the snail is rose color, mixed with a little bit of blue.

Snails almost always travel in the dark. They are nearly blind and do not notice changes in light.

The shell of the snail is made of one piece. Therefore,

the snail is called a "univalve," which means an animal having one shell. The snail shell is more or less coiled, and is spiral in shape. The inside is formed in whorls or turns. The shells are of great variety. Some are flat, some are sharp, and others are pointed.

When the snail is out of its shell, it can be seen that the largest part of its body is long and fleshy. This is the foot of the snail.

The Snail

To grass, or leaf, or fruit, or wall,
The snail sticks close, nor fears to fall,
As if he grew there, house and all
Together.

Within that house, secure, he hides,
When danger imminent betides
Of storm, or other harm besides
Of weather.

Give but his horns the slightest touch,
His self-collecting power is such
He shrinks into his house, with much
Displeasure.

Where'er he dwells, he dwells alone,
Except himself has chattels none,
Well-satisfied to be his own
Whole treasure.

Thus hermit-like, his life he leads,
Nor partner of his banquet needs,
And if he meets one, only feeds
The faster.

— William Cowper.

Lobster Quadrille

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle — will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance —
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance,
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied,
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to France —
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

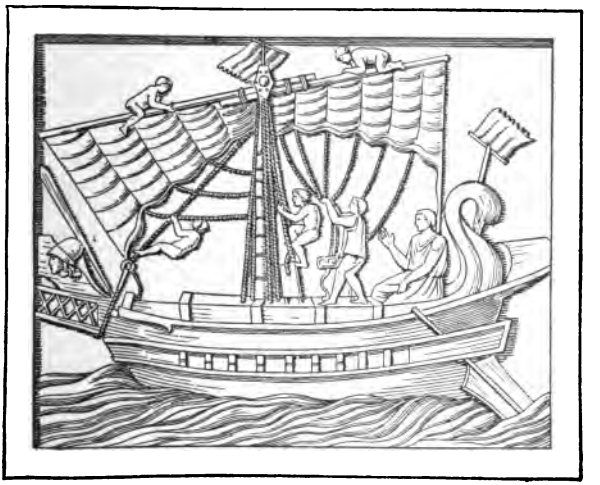
— Lewis Carroll.

The Snail and its Enemies

The snail moves very slowly. It carries its house on its back wherever it goes. It crawls by stretching its foot out of its shell and then drawing up the hind part of its body. The worm and the caterpillar both move in the same way.

When the snail is not crawling about, it stays in its shell. As the snail crawls along, its skin drops a sticky white liquid. This makes it easy for the snail to crawl over smooth surfaces. This also makes him leave a slimy trail behind him.

The snail protects himself by going into his shell. The shell is so thick that his enemies cannot break it. His



A Roman Ship.

enemies are birds, insects, the farmers whose crops he destroys, and the people who are fond of eating his flesh.

The Romans were very fond of eating snails. The best snails for the Roman feasts came from Sicily and from the island of Capri. Every year, many shiploads of snails were brought to Rome and used as food. The Romans had snail parks, where the snails were raised and fed upon certain wines, soups, and foods, to make their flesh more delicate.

In many old Roman cemeteries may still be seen heaps of the shells of snails eaten at funeral feasts.

The French, Italians, and Germans eat many snails, especially during Lent.

The Snail and the Rose Tree

Around the garden ran a hedge of hazels; beyond this hedge lay fields and meadows, wherein were cows and sheep; but in the midst of the garden stood a blooming Rose tree; and under this Rose tree lived a Snail, who had a good deal in his shell — namely, himself.

"Wait till my time comes!" he said; "I shall do something more than produce roses, bear nuts, or give milk, like the Rose tree, the hazel bush, and the cows!"

"I expect a great deal of you," said the Rose tree. "But may I ask when it will appear?"

"I take my time," replied the Snail. "You're always in such a hurry. You don't rouse people's interest by suspense."

When the next year came, the Snail lay almost in the

same spot, in the sunshine under the Rose tree, which again bore buds that bloomed into roses, until the snow fell. Then the Rose tree bowed its head, and the Snail crept into the ground.

A new year began, and the roses came out, and the Snail came out also.

"You're an old Rose tree now!" said the Snail. "You must make haste and come to an end, for you have given the world all that was in you. Whether it was of any use is a question that I have had no time to consider; but so much is plain, that you have done nothing at all for your own development, or you would have produced something else. In a little while you will be nothing at all but a stick. Do you understand?"

"You alarm me!" replied the Rose tree. "I never thought of that at all."

"No, you have not taken the trouble to think of anything. Have you ever given an account to yourself why you bloomed, and how it is that your blooming comes about — why it is thus, and not otherwise?"

"No," answered the Rose tree. "I bloomed in gladness because I could not do anything else. The sun shone and warmed me, and the air refreshed me. I drank the dew and the rain, and I lived, I breathed. Out of the earth there arose a power within me; from above there came down a strength; I perceived a new, ever-increasing happiness, and consequently I was obliged to bloom over and over again; that was my life; I could not do otherwise."

"You have led a pleasant life," observed the Snail.

"Certainly. Everything I have was given to me," said the Rose tree. "But more still was given to you. You are one of those deep, thoughtful characters, one of those highly gifted spirits, which will cause the world to marvel."

"I've no intention of doing anything of the kind," cried the Snail. "The world is nothing to me. What have I to do with the world? I have enough in myself."

"But must we not all, here on earth, give to others the best that we have, and offer what lies in our power? Certainly I have given only roses. But you — you who have been so richly gifted — what have you given to the world? What do you intend to give?"

"What have I given — what do I intend to give? I spit at it! It's worth nothing! Continue to give your roses, if you like; you can't do any better. Let the hazel bush bear nuts, and the cows and the ewes give milk. They have their public; but I have mine within myself. I retire within myself, and there I remain. The world is nothing to me," and so saying, the Snail withdrew into his house, and closed up the entrance after him.

"That is very sad!" said the Rose tree. "I cannot creep into myself, even if I wished it; I must continue to produce roses. They drop their leaves and are blown away by the wind. But I saw how a rose was laid in the matron's hymn book, and one of my roses had a place on the bosom of a fair young girl, and another was kissed

by a child. That did me good; it was a real blessing. That's my remembrance — my life!"

And the Rose tree went on blooming in innocence, while the Snail lay and idled away his time in his house — the world did not concern him.

Years rolled by. The Snail had become dust in the dust, and the Rose tree was earth in the earth. The rose of remembrance in the hymn book was faded, but in the garden bloomed fresh rose trees, and under the trees lay new snails; and these still crept into their houses, and spat at the world, for it did not concern them.

— HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

SLUGS

Slugs have no shells. They have, on their backs, under the skins, a delicate, shell-like armor. They move faster than the snails.

A Slug.

THE OYSTER

THE OYSTER AT HOME

Oysters live all along the southern and southeastern coasts of North America. The largest number of oysters is probably grown in Chesapeake Bay.

Around Ceylon, Australia, the Philippines, the West Indies, and in the Persian Gulf, oysters are found in great

quantities. The oysters around Ceylon and in the Persian Gulf are called pearl oysters.

When the oyster lays its eggs, they rise to the surface of the water. They very soon hatch out and the little oysters swim around for a few days. At the end of this time, they find a resting place and attach themselves to shells or stones and begin to grow.

The Oyster Industry

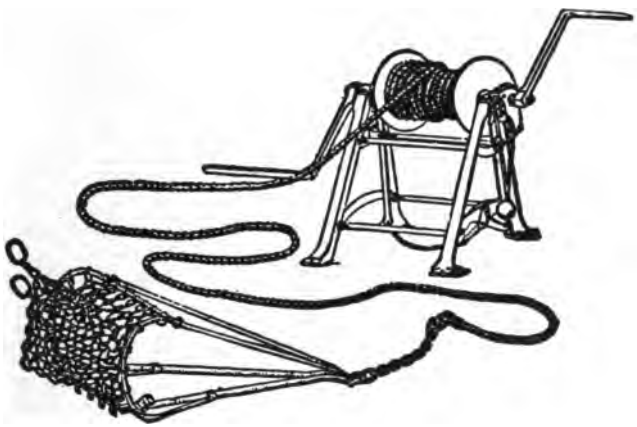
It takes an oyster from three to five years to become large enough to be good to eat. In order to have a good supply of fine oysters, the oystermen make artificial beds. They choose a place where the water is clear and not very deep and where the place is protected. Then they throw pieces of slate, stone, and other heavy material into the water, until the bottom is all covered.

When the beds are ready, hundreds of little sloops and schooners go south. The little oysters, called seed oysters, can be bought. Most of the seed oysters for our use come from the Rappahannock River. In New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut are the largest number of planting beds. The oysters are dropped overboard. The heavier side of the shell usually touches the ground, so that the oyster is "right side up." The seed oyster lies in the bed for one or two years.

In the early fall, the oystermen begin to gather the oysters. They first do what is called "tonging." By tonging is meant bringing up the top oysters by means

of a large pair of tongs with teeth like a garden rake. Two oystermen in a row boat do the tonging.

Next comes dredging for the oysters that are lower down in the bed. A large vessel with sails usually carries the dredge. This dredge is thrown into the water, dragged



An Oyster Scraper.

over the oyster bed, drawn up, and emptied on the deck of the vessel.

The oysters are next taken to a fresh-water creek and thrown in "to get a drink." This sweetens and cleans them. This is always done in shallow water, so the oysters are taken up with a large, coarse fork.

The oystermen stand in the stream. They wear very high rubber boots. They have to be very strong, healthy men, as they have hard work to do, and are often forced to stand in the streams on bitter cold days.

When the oysters are taken out of the stream, they are

"culled" or sorted into several sizes. The smallest ones are called "culls." They are sold to cheap oyster houses and used for making oyster stews.

The oyster fishing can be carried on by law for only eight months. The reason why it is forbidden during four months of the year is that all the oysters may not be destroyed. You often see the sign "Oysters R in season," which means that it is one of the eight months when oyster fishing is allowed. The "R" means that the months of the oyster season are spelled with an R. These months are September, October, November, December, January, February, March, and April. The months when oyster fishing is not allowed are May, June, July, and August.

The Wise Oyster and the Foolish Oyster

On a bank, in a sheltered bay, two oysters lay side by side. For two years they had lain near to each other. Now they were nearly grown up and were looking forward to soon seeing something of the world.

"Oh," said one to the other, "I am so tired of always staying here, fastened to one place! I wish that it was time for us to go far away and see the world."

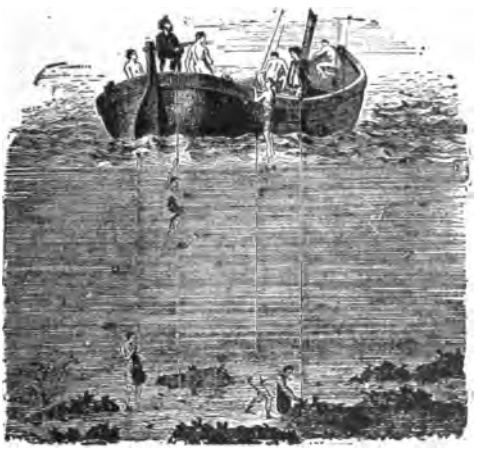
"You would do well to be content," said the oyster next to him. "Do you not know that of all the oysters that have gone away, none have ever come back? I am afraid that they are dead."

Just then, before the first oyster could answer and before either could close its shell, a huge tide swept

over them. Both were nearly smothered. When the tide had passed, each oyster had a tiny grain of sand left in its shell.

"Oh, dear," complained the first oyster, "this grain of sand hurts my mantle." Then he tried to push it out of his shell, but he could not do it.

In the meantime, the other oyster had thrown out a white liquid and had covered its grain of sand with it.



Diving for Pearls.

"Why do you not do as I do?" asked the second oyster, "and cover up that sharp thing that hurts you so?"

The first oyster did not answer. He was too busy grumbling to try to help himself. Nearly a year passed. During that time the first oyster had kept scolding and scolding, until now not only his mantle but his soft body was hurt. The second oyster had kept covering the sand

more and more. It was perfectly smooth now and did not trouble him at all.

One day, a diver came hurrying down. He was an Indian. In one hand he carried a large bag. Holding his breath, with his other hand he scooped as many oysters as he could reach into his bag. At the top of it were these two oysters.

When he reached the surface of the water, he threw the bag of oysters into a tiny boat. Then he climbed in and began to open them. The first oyster which he opened was the first one told of in our story. With anger he looked at it, saw its torn body, hurt by the grain of sand which had grown larger. "You are of no use!" he cried. Breaking the shells apart, he threw them back into the water.

He next opened the second oyster. With a cry of delight he shouted, "What a beauty!" For there, in the shell of the oyster, lay a beautiful pearl. The grain of sand covered by the patient oyster had become a pearl.

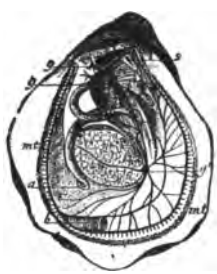
Taking the pearl out and carefully closing the shell, he dropped the oyster in the water. Slowly it sank to its home. "You are a good worker," he said, "and I will be kind to you."

He took the pearl to a merchant and sold it to him for a large sum of money. The merchant sold it to a rich lady. She often wears it. I wonder if it has ever told to her this story, of how one oyster became his own worst enemy and of how the other oyster turned his own hurt into a great advantage?

The Parts of the Oyster

The oyster has a soft body. This body is protected by a shell in two pieces. Each part is called a valve. The two valves are different in shape. The under one is thicker, heavier, and more rounded. When the oyster is at home, it lies on the side of its body in this valve. The upper valve is thinner and flatter.

The outside of the shell is rough and is formed of flaky layers. The older the oyster gets, the more of these layers are formed and, therefore, the thicker is his shell. The shell is thinner near the edge.



The Parts of an Oyster. *s*, mouth; *a*, vent; *g*, *g*, ganglia; *mt*, mantle; *b*, gill.

The two valves of the shell are fastened together by a tough hinge, which serves to keep the valves open. A large muscle is attached, just where we may see a blue spot on each side of the shell. This muscle keeps the shell closed. When the oyster is dead, the shell is always open.

The inside of both valves is lined with beautiful white pearl, except for the bluish spot on each shell where the muscle was fastened.

The oyster has a soft body. Two flat, dark flaps surround the whole body. They are called the oyster's "beard," but they are really the gills. They are covered with a number of very tiny hairs, which are always in motion. The flapping of the gills brings air to the oyster.

It also helps him get his food by causing waves of water to pass over his mouth. Tiny plants and animals are in this current of water. They form the oyster's food.

The oyster's mouth is between the gills and near the hinge. The dark parts back of the mouth are the stomach and liver. The oyster also has a heart, a bag for holding its eggs, and a mantle. The mantle is a thin coat through which the oyster can be easily seen. Its edges form a delicate fringe. In this fringe are glands which make the shell, and give it its color. The growth of the shell depends upon the mantle. If the mantle is hurt, it gives out greater quantities of pearl for a lining to the shell. The lining of the shell is called mother-of-pearl. It is used to make buttons.

The Enemies of the Oyster

The oyster's worst enemies are man, the starfish, the sea worm, and the whelk. The starfish pries open the shell and takes out the oyster. The sea worm and the whelk bore into the shell and suck out the oyster through this hole.

Famous Pearls

Pearls have always been highly valued. The Bible, in the book of Job, speaks of the "pearl above price."

Many beautiful pearls are worn by wealthy ladies. A great many are among the "crown jewels" of the rulers of Europe and of the Eastern lands.

Pliny, a Roman writer of history, tells of a pearl worth sixteen thousand dollars. A much more valuable one,

shaped like a pigeon's egg, was once owned by Philip II of Spain. A famous French pearl shaped like a pear was called the "Incomparable," because of its great beauty. A pearl owned by the Emperor of Persia is valued at twenty thousand dollars.

Rose-colored pearls and black pearls are very valuable, because they are so scarce.

The Walrus and the Carpenter

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might,
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright;
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily, —
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done.
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come, and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead —
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand.
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"'If this were only cleared away,' they said, 'it *would* be grand!'"

"If seven maids with seven mops
  Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
  "That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
  And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
  The Walrus did beseech,
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
  Along the briny beach.
We cannot do with more than four,
  To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
  But never a word he said;
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
  And shook his heavy head, —
Meaning to say he did not choose
  To leave the oyster bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
  All eager for the treat;
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
  Their shoes were clean and neat, —
And this was odd, because you know,
  They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
  And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
  And more, and more, and more, —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
  And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
  Conveniently low;
And all the little Oysters stood
  And waited in a row.

"And all the little Oysters stood and waited in a row."

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat,
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter,
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good, indeed.
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far
And made them trot so quick."

The Carpenter said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick."

"I weep for you," the Walrus said;
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because —
They'd eaten every one.

— LEWIS CARROLL.

THE CLAM

KINDS OF CLAMS

The oyster and the clam are both mollusks; that is, they are animals with soft bodies, inclosed in a shell. As this shell has two parts, they are also called "bivalves."

The two commonest kinds of clams are the long clam and the round clam. The round clam is called the "quahog" and the "little-neck clam." These little-neck clams are found on all sandy shores of the United States, from Cape Cod to Texas. They live under the beach, just below low-water mark.

The long clam, or soft-shell clam, lives as far north as Canada. This clam has a very long siphon, which is often called the neck or head. This neck can reach four inches out from the shell.

While the long clam is still small, it burrows down in the mud. As it grows older, it keeps burrowing further down, until it gets from eight to ten inches below the surface of

The Long, or Soft-shell Clam.
(At the right the siphon is seen, at the left the foot.)

the beach. From here, it reaches its long neck almost to the surface. In the clam's neck there are two tubes. The sea water, carrying air and food, comes down one of these tubes. The gills force it up and out of the other tube. Thus a steady stream of sea water is always running up and down the two tubes in the clam's neck.

The Clam and the Oyster Compared

The shell of the clam is smoother than the shell of the oyster, and is not so thick. In most other ways the clam is much like the oyster. It opens and closes its shell in the same way that the oyster does.

The mantle of the oyster is free. The mantle of the clam is fastened to the shell, on both valves. Thus, when we open the clam's shell by force, the clam's body is torn. When we force open the oyster's shell, the oyster's body is not torn.

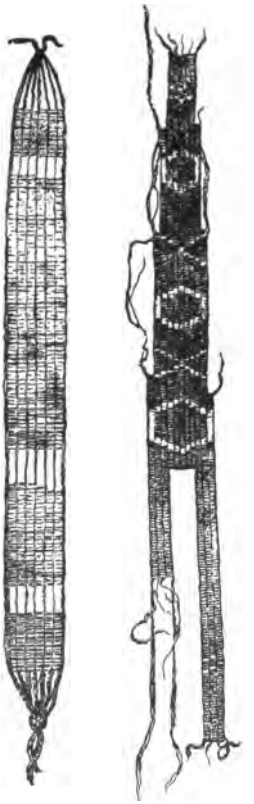
The oyster stays fixed in one place, but the clam moves

from place to place, pushing itself by means of its foot. It uses this foot to burrow. The clam is found in soft mud or sand with its foot downward.

The chief uses of the clam are for food and to purify the water. The sea water may be very muddy when it passes down a tube in the neck of the clam, but it is perfectly clear when it comes out of the other tube.

Wampum or Shell Money

The Indians, who once lived upon the Atlantic Coast of North America, used, instead of money, what they called *wampum*. Wampum was a bead made from shells and strung to form necklaces and other ornaments. The shells used were either oyster or clam shells. The black beads were cut from the blue scar made in the shell by the muscle. The white wampum was made from the rest of the shell. One black bead was worth two white ones.



Wampum.

The Indian tribes who lived on the coast were the richest ones, because they could get the most wampum. The wampum beads were little cylinders, about one fourth of an inch long and one eighth of an inch in diameter. A hole was bored in them with a flint

awl, and they were polished smooth by being rubbed with sharp stones.

The wampum was of great use to the Indian. He used it for money and also for ornament. A brave or squaw who wore much wampum for ornament was sure to be of high rank. The wampum of the chief or brave was so arranged as to tell the history of his great deeds. To be ornamented with wampum when one was buried meant that one was almost sure to go to the "happy hunting grounds."

For more than fifty years the English colonists used wampum instead of money in all of their trades with the Indians. It was used in Rhode Island until 1670. As late as 1700 it could be used to pay the ferriage between New York and Brooklyn.

The Shell

"See what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine,
Made so fairily well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!"

. . . . .

"The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled
A golden foot, or a fairy horn,
Thro' his dim water world?"

— Tennyson ("Maud").

A Clambake

One of the favorite dinners in Rhode Island, and nearly all of the New England coast, is the clambake. I wonder if any of you have ever been to one?

A dry place, usually a large round rock on the hard sand, is chosen. A fire is built and the rock is allowed to become thoroughly heated. It is then covered with wet seaweed, and potatoes — some white and some sweet — are put above the seaweed. The potatoes are covered with another layer of seaweed.

Next, several layers of clams and seaweed are put on. Last of all several ears of sweet corn, still in the husk, are hidden in the pile. A lot of dry seaweed is now piled tightly over the whole, until it looks like a haycock. The steam goes up all through the pile and roasts everything in it. When it is ready, the whole party sit around about in a circle and have a delicious feast. Many summer visitors to New England enjoy clambakes.

Comparison of the Snail and the Clam

Snail	*Clam*
1. Univalve — one part to its shell.	1. Bivalve — two parts to its shell.
2. A better developed head.	2. Closes valves of shell with two muscles which form a hinge.
3. Has a siphon like the clam.	3. Has a mantle which secretes only a plain shell.
4. Closes shell with a horny door.	
5. Has a mantle which secretes a shell, spines, and other extra things.	

Snail	*Clam*
6. Organs the same as those of the clam, but differently placed.	4. Has no tentacles.
7. Has two or four tentacles.	5. Has no tongue; feeds through two tubes in its siphon.
8. Has a tongue with teeth.	
9. Is the enemy of the oyster and clam and often feeds upon them.	

EARTHWORMS

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet lacking sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."

— COWPER.

THE WORK OF THE EARTHWORM

"When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before it existed the land was in fact regularly plowed, and still continues to be thus plowed, by earthworms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures."

— DARWIN.

ANDY AND THE WORM

One day Andy was at work in his little garden, when he spied a big worm.

Now worms are not pleasant-looking things. I do not think that any one would like one for a pet, and, although

I've tried very hard, I cannot say that I really like them myself; but I am not afraid of them, and neither, I am glad to say, was Andy.

He did not run away as fast as he could, stumbling over all sorts of things until he reached the house, nor did he dance up and down, screaming, "O! O! O!" when this worm came out of the ground. Not a bit of it.

He sat quietly down on an overturned flower pot, and looked at the worm for at least two minutes, and the worm raised its head a little and looked at him.

At last Andy said, "You are not very pretty."

"I am not," answered the worm.

"You cannot dance, either," said Andy.

"I cannot," said the worm.

"Nor sing," said Andy.

"Nor sing," repeated the worm.

"You do not know your letters, even," said Andy.

"I do not," said the worm.

"Butterflies can fly," said Andy.

"They can," said the worm.

"Bees hum," said Andy.

"They do," said the worm.

"You cannot do anything," said Andy.

"I can," said the worm, so loudly (for a worm) that Andy tumbled off the flower pot, he was so very much astonished.

But quickly picking himself up, he sat down again and asked, "What is it you can do?"

"Something that bees, birds, and even boys cannot do," answered the worm.

"Let us see what it is," said Andy.

"Take your little spade and chop me in two," said the worm.

"Oh, no," said Andy, "that would be wicked."

"Well, never do it, unless a worm asks you to," said the worm; "then it is all right. Now I am ready. Go ahead."

"Are you sure you are in earnest?" asked Andy.

"Quite sure," answered the worm.

"And would it not hurt you?" asked Andy.

"Do not ask so many questions. Do as I tell you," said the worm.

"Why?" said Andy. But seeing that the worm was turning away from him, he seized his little spade and chopped it in two; and lo and behold! one half crept one way, and one half the other.

"Well, sure enough," said Andy, "I do not believe I could do that. Good-by, Mr. Worm — I mean two Mr. Worms."

"Good-by," said the head, and "Good-by," said the tail. And they both crept under the ground, and left Andy to ask "Why?" until this very day.

—JOHN S. DAVIS.

THE WORM

As Sally sat upon the ground,
A little crawling worm, she found
  Among the garden dirt;
And when she saw the worm, she screamed,
And ran away and cried, and seemed
  As if she had been hurt.

Mamma, afraid some serious harm
Made Sally scream, was in alarm,
  And left the parlor then;
But when the cause she came to learn,
She bade her daughter back return,
  To see the worm again.

The worm they found kept writhing round,
Until it sank beneath the ground;
  And Sally learned that day,
That worms are very harmless things,
With neither teeth, nor claws, nor stings,
  To frighten her away.

— Book I, "Nature Knowledge."

The Nightingale and the Glowworm

A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at even his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glowworm by his spark;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent:
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the selfsame Power Divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;

That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night."
The songster heard this short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

— WILLIAM COWPER.

THE UNINVITED GUEST

The long, beautiful summer was nearly at an end. So some of the little people who live out of doors thought they would have a farewell party. It was not probable that they would ever meet again; for some of them, life would end with this season. And most of the others would sleep through the long winter, and who knew what might happen during the six months' nap?

They chose what they thought just the nicest place in the wide world for holding a party. As the day proved a beautiful one, every one who had been invited came —which does not always happen when *real* folks have parties.

Among the guests were the Butterfly, in her satin gown of black and orange; the Cicada, prepared to help with the music; the Katydids, who really are not very pleasant visitors, because they contradict so much; the Beetles, fat, lazy, and black, like most beetles; the Grasshoppers, who also are musicians, and had their wings in fine order; the Bees, who had gathered enough honey to last all winter; the Tree Frog, and ever so many others.

They all had a merry time out on the meadow, and yet they were a little sad, too, for they knew that Jack Frost

was coming soon, and that he would put an end to all their good times.

Just as they were the very jolliest, a strange thing happened. That was the arrival of the long, brown, wriggling Earthworm. Fortunately for the Earthworm he has no eyes. So he could not see how cross all the little meadow people looked, because he had come. I wonder if we should sometimes look cross, just as they did, if no one had eyes to see us?

They did not invite him to stay, nor offer him any refreshments. Though, really, I think he would not have taken anything if it had been offered, for earthworms do not care much for honey and the other things that this company were eating.

When they found that he did not notice their cross looks, they began to whisper to one another.

"Oh, dear!" said the Butterfly, "see that horrid, crawling Earthworm! I do dislike anything that crawls!"

"Yes," chirped the Cicada. "And only fancy, he lives in the ground! How dreary that must be!"

"For my part I don't see how any one can stand it," said the Beetle.

"Katy did," broke in a shrill voice.

"Katy didn't," said another.

"Yes, and they actually live, after they are cut in halves," said the Tree Frog. "I once knew an Earthworm that met with such an accident, and then there were two of him, for the head part grew a tail, and the tail piece grew a head."

They did not mean the Earthworm to hear their unkind

remarks. But he did hear, and they were very much surprised when he began to speak, "I am sorry I came to your party, if you didn't want me, but I thought I'd like to come out once more before the cold weather gets here. And, really, you shouldn't feel so bad to see me crawling, for it is not so long ago that some of you used to crawl. Don't you remember, Miss Butterfly?"

The Butterfly thought with all her butterfly brain, and did recall a time, not so very long before, when she was a fat crawling caterpillar. But she had a kind heart, if she was a little silly sometimes, so she said, "I'm sorry; I had forgotten all about my caterpillar days."

The Earthworm answered, "Very well, I'll forgive you. And as for living in the earth, I am quite contented there, for I have plenty to do. I really am not lonely, either, for I have a good many neighbors. One of you lived near me — or, rather, near my family — for seventeen years!"

At this, everybody looked at the Cicada, for there was an old story that every one knew, about how it took the Cicada seventeen years to appear.

As for him, he was so ashamed that he wanted to change the subject at once, so he said, "Well, friend Earthworm, you said you were very busy. What do you do all the time?"

"Oh, I have to get the soil in good order — that is, make it fine and soft so the tiny rootlets of all the green growing things can spread through it, and thus give you something to eat. Were it not for us, many of you might go hungry. For if they could not send forth their roots, the plants

could not grow. There would be no tender green leaves for Mr. Beetle, and certainly no flowers, and then where would busy Bee go for his honey?"

"How do you know all that?" asked a Grasshopper. "I thought —"

"Katy did," interrupted some one.

"Katy didn't," said his sister.

At that they all laughed.

Then the Earthworm went on: "We Earthworms keep taking soil into our bodies. We digest all of it that we can. In our bodies is some kind of acid that acts on the rest of the soil and makes it fine and soft. After a while, we let this earth out of our bodies and take in a fresh supply, until the soil all around us is so light and fine that the plants can grow fast and send out the tender green leaves many of you like to eat. But I must go now," and the Earthworm began to wriggle away.

He couldn't go far, however, for one after the other had something nice to say to him. They told him he seemed to do more good in the world than any of them. They thanked him for all his hard work, too, which had really been so much help to them, though they had not known it. And all their kind speeches made the Earthworm feel very happy.

This was not their farewell party, after all. Before they separated, they decided to hold one the next day. And you may be quite sure they did not forget Earthworm then. Indeed, he was the first one to have an invitation, even before Katy did.

—MARGARET P. BOYLE.

The Earthworm

The earthworm, or angleworm, is the worm best known to boys, because they use it for bait, when they go fishing. This worm can be found in almost any rich, moist earth. It has a long, round, soft body, pointed at each end. It has many changing colors when the sunlight flashes upon it, but it does not like the sun, for the heat would soon dry it up. Its body is red and slimy. The worm can either stretch

An Earthworm.

itself out very long, or shorten itself, until it hardly looks like a worm at all.

The body is made up of a number of rings. These rings can move in any direction. Most of these rings have four pairs of tiny bristles which point backwards. These bristles can be straightened out, whenever the worm likes.

When the worm wishes to move, it first stretches and then contracts its body. Thus it catches these bristles in the ground and hitches itself along by them. It can move either forwards or backwards. The worm's body is soft and round and long, because it is a creeping thing. It is pointed at the end so that it can bore into the earth. Slime

oozes from the body and makes it easier for it to make a tunnel. The worm can make the tunnel larger by crawling into it and then swelling up its body.

Worms have feeling. They have red blood and they breathe all over their bodies. They have no eyes because they live in dark tunnels, where they do not need to see. Worms have a heart, but they have no stomach and no teeth.

The worm feeds by swallowing earth. It digests the vegetable matter in the earth and throws out the rest of the earth. These thrown-out pieces of earth are called "castings." They look like little curly lumps of earth. These castings are found as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

When you see them, you may be sure that spring has come. By doing this, the worm is, all the time, bringing new earth to the surface of the ground. It thus mixes up the soil and makes it more fertile. This also loosens the soil, so that the air and rain can mix with it.

Worms are useful as bait for fishermen and as food for birds and for other animals.

The worm lives during the day in a little tunnel in the earth. It lines this tunnel with bits of leaves and with slime. At night, it comes out and burrows. Its enemies are men, boys, birds, and other animals.

Comparison of the Earthworm and the Caterpillar

Worm	*Caterpillar*
1. Does not change its form.	1. Is the second form of an insect.
2. Is divided into segments.	2. Is divided into segments.
3. Has no mouth.	3. Has a mouth with stout jaws.
4. Has no legs, only bristles.	4. Has three pairs of true legs and four pairs of "prop" legs.

The Three Kingdoms

Long ago, in the kingdom of Prussia, there ruled a king called Frederick the Great. He was a good and a wise king, who loved his people. He liked to go about, alone and unrecognized, and see for himself how they were and what they needed.

One morning he walked alone through a small village. He came to a little school. The door was open and he went in. The teacher did not know the tall, handsome stranger, but she could see that he was a gentleman, so she asked him if he would like to talk to the children.

"Yes, indeed," replied the king. "There is nothing that I should like better."

"Now, children," said the king, "I will ask you some questions and the one who gives the best answer shall receive a prize."

Then he held up a large, yellow orange where all could see it. "Tell me," said he, "to which of the three kingdoms this belongs." The children all looked pleased and, eager to answer, held up their hands. The king called upon a

bright little boy who said, "It belongs to the vegetable kingdom, sir."

"How is that?" asked the king.

"Because it grew on a tree, and all trees belong to the vegetable kingdom," answered the little lad.

"You are right!" cried the king. "The orange shall be your prize." He gayly tossed it to the happy boy.

He next took a bright new gold coin from his pocket and asked, "To what kingdom does this belong?"

A boy cried out, "It belongs to the mineral kingdom, sir, because it is a metal." The king gave him the gold piece for his prize.

"Now," said the king, "I will ask you just one more question, a very easy one." He stood up and said, "To what kingdom do I belong?"

The children did not know what to say. They did not think that it would be polite to say that the handsome gentleman belonged to the animal kingdom. For some time they sat silent. At last a pretty little girl, one of the smallest, looked up at the king and said, "To the kingdom of heaven."

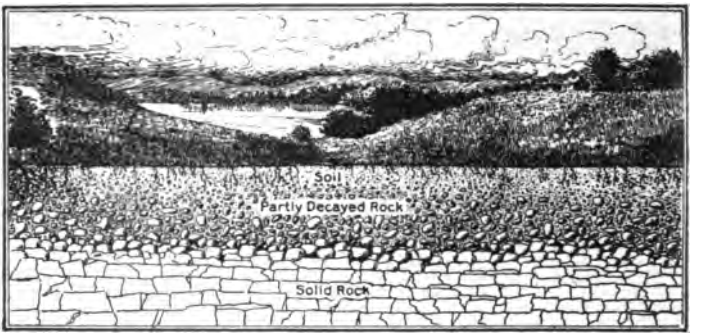
Deeply touched, the king stooped and kissed the little maiden. Then he said, "God grant that I may be found worthy of that kingdom."

EARTH STUDY

Materials of which the Earth is made

We live upon the surface of the earth. If you look where men are digging the foundation of a building, you

will see that there is one kind of soil on the surface of the earth and that, under this soil, is another kind of soil. Below this second soil is a foundation of solid rock. Sometimes this rock is made up of one kind of substance.



A Cross-section of the Earth showing Various Kinds of Soil.

More often it is made up of two or more substances. These substances which make up rock are called minerals. Small pieces of rock are called stones. Rocks are unlike each other in weight, color, and in the substances of which they are made. Some minerals break smoothly, and some split in one way easier than in another way.

Kinds of Rock

Slate

There are three classes of rocks. These classes are:—

1. Those which have been formed by cooling minerals from a melted state, as *granite.*

2. Those which have been formed by the settling of sand or clay in water, as *sandstone.*

3. Rocks that have been formed by the settling of sand or clay and that have then been changed by heat or pressure, as *marble* (from limestone).

Slate belongs to the third division of which we have been speaking. It has been formed by tiny pieces of granite and of mica which have been under a great amount of pressure. It is found among the mountains of Maine, Vermont, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and other states. As it splits into thin, smooth layers, it is much used for roofs of houses, for blackboards, and for school slates. Sometimes, it is ground up and used to make paint.

Marble

Marble, like slate, belongs to the third class of rocks. It is a limestone which has been under great pressure.

Pure marble is a beautiful white. Some marbles have red, yellow, brown, black, or gray colors in them. The color is caused by some other mineral substance in the stone. Marble can be very highly polished. The best marble comes from Vermont, New York, and Italy.

The grain of some marble is much finer than that of others. Marble is used for making buildings, mantelpieces, tops of tables, tombstones, and statuary. The finest marbles, most of which come from Italy, are used for statuary.

The Tiffany Building, the City Hall, and Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York City were built of marble found in New York State.

Granite

Granite is full of tiny grains. It is made up of quartz, feldspar, and mica.

The color of a piece of granite depends upon how much of each of these minerals is in the granite. Granite is

Grant's Tomb.

very hard. It can be polished very highly. It will last longer than any other stone.

Granite is found in many places. Red granite is found in Texas; light gray granite is found in Maine; and dark gray granite comes from Massachusetts and from Vermont.

Granite is a very valuable building stone, because it is hard, and can be readily split. It is very hard to work, and it resists heat very poorly. If you look at the ruins of

a granite building, after a fire, you will see that the granite has flaked and has become less solid.

Granite in square blocks is used to pave city streets. It is also much used for tombstones and for monuments. The American Museum of Natural History and Grant's Tomb, in New York City, are built of granite.

Mica

Mica is a mineral which shines like glass and is almost as transparent. Most quartz is full of tiny bits of mica.

There are two kinds of mica, white mica and black mica. Most of the mica comes from North Carolina, but small quantities are also found in New Hampshire and in New Mexico.

Mica is very useful, not only because it is transparent, but because it is not hurt by the heat. For this reason, sheets of mica are used in stove doors and lamp chimneys. Small pieces of mica are ground up and used to make coverings for stovepipes and for electric wires.

Quartz

Quartz is a very hard mineral. It looks something like glass or like ice, and it is so hard that it will scratch glass. There is a great deal of quartz in granite. It is sometimes found in large masses and sometimes in crystals, which have ends shaped like six-sided pyramids. Quartz may be of many different colors, white, gray, black, or even pink. The beautiful amethyst is one kind of quartz.

The veins of quartz are found all over the world. In

this part of the world it is most common in New York, Connecticut, and Canada. It is used to make jewelry, spectacles, opera glasses, sandpaper, and pottery.

Aluminum

Aluminum is a silvery white metal, and is very light in weight. It does not rust or tarnish easily. When aluminum was first found, it was very expensive to get out of the ground, so that it was a long time before it came into general use; but now that it can be taken out more cheaply, it is being used more and more.

Aluminum ore is found in Georgia and in Alabama, but in every bank of clay there is much aluminum. Aluminum is used to make handles, door plates, thimbles, parts of sewing machines, cooking utensils, and many other things. It is even used in making artificial arms and legs. More than half of the aluminum used in the world is made in the United States. To get the metal from the ore, the ore is heated in a furnace.

Sandstone

Sandstone is a rock of the second class, because it is made of bits of earth settling in water. It is made of sand firmly pressed together in a solid mass. It has bits of quartz in it. The sand in the sandstone is held together by cement. This cement is carried in by running water which passes over the sand.

Sandstone is very common. It is usually found in places that were once seashores or beds of rivers now dried up.

There are many kinds of sandstone. Yellow sandstone usually comes from Ohio; red sandstone from around the Great Lakes and from New Jersey; and brown sandstone or brownstone, as it is often called, from Connecticut. Sandstone is much used as building material, because it is very easily cut and put in place, and because it is very cheap. Many of the houses in our large cities are built from sandstone or brownstone.

Quarrying

In the United States there are now six thousand quarries from which stone is being taken. The stone taken out of

A Marble Quarry in Vermont.

these quarries is valued at more than seventy-five million dollars each year. If stone could be quarried in some cheaper way, very much more stone would be used. Some

machinery is used for such work, but not as much as will be used in the future.

Story of King Midas

Long years ago, there lived a very rich king named Midas. He was one of the richest men in the world, but still he was not satisfied. The more money he had, the more money he wanted. Next to his gold, he loved his little daughter, Marygold.

King Midas spent nearly all of his time in counting over his golden coins. One day, as he was counting them, he saw a stranger watching him. "What a rich king you are!" said the stranger.

"I am not so rich but that I should like to be very much richer," replied King Midas.

"How much would you like to have?" asked the stranger.

Midas thought a while and then said, "I wish that everything that I touch could be changed to pure gold."

"You would then like to have the gift of the 'Golden Touch'?" asked the stranger. "Are you sure that you would never be sorry?"

"Sorry!" cried the king. "Why, I should be the happiest man in the world!"

"Very well," said the stranger. "To-morrow at sunrise the gift of the 'Golden Touch' shall be yours." While King Midas was wondering if he would really get his wish, the stranger vanished.

The King could hardly sleep, so anxious was he for morning to come. When it was barely light, he arose and began

to dress. He saw that his wish had become true, for his clothes became cloth of gold, as he put them on. Then he walked in his garden. As he touched his roses, they became pure gold. He was delighted.

Then he went in to breakfast. He was very hungry, but he could not eat at all. Can you guess why? Everything

"He was very hungry, but he could not eat."

that he tried to eat turned into pure gold. He did not know what to do.

Just then, his little daughter Marygold ran to see him. He kissed her and said, "Good morning, my darling!" But she did not answer; his touch and his kiss had turned her into a golden image. He was so unhappy, for he had lost his dear little girl. He fell on his knees and sobbed, "I would give all of my gold, if only I could have my dear little Marygold back again!"

As he sobbed, he heard a voice say, "Why, King Midas, I expected to find you very happy. What is the matter? Have you not your dearest wish, the 'Golden Touch'?"

"Yes," cried Midas, "but I have lost my dear little girl. I would not have lost her for all of the gold on earth. I am *so* unhappy! Besides, I cannot eat, so I shall soon starve to death. I have learned a lesson. I have learned that gold cannot make a person happy. Please take away my 'Golden Touch.'"

"Well," said the stranger. "You have learned a hard lesson, so I will help you. Go bathe in the river at the foot of your garden and then take a pitcher and fill it with water and pour it upon each of the things that have been changed into gold, and they will be as they were before you touched them."

"Dear little Marygold stood before her father."

King Midas rushed to bathe in the river. Then he filled a pitcher with water and hastened to dash it over little Marygold. Slowly the golden image came to life, and dear little Marygold stood before her happy father.

The king thought himself well rid of the "Golden Touch." He was no longer a miser, but spent his gold freely on those that needed it. But, to this day, if

you look into the river in which King Midas bathed, you can see golden sands shining in the river bed. Many a time did the king look at them and remember his sad lesson. I wonder if many of our people do not need the lesson of the "Golden Touch"?

Gold

Gold is one of the most beautiful of metals, and has always been highly prized.

The poor savage used plates and chains of gold to ornament himself, and even people of the wisest nations of to-day use gold for ornaments. They also hoard it away like misers. All over the world gold is used as a measure of value.

Gold is talked about in the histories of all nations. The Bible stories speak of gold, silver, and copper. These metals were used to make weapons of war, to wear as ornaments, to measure values, and to deck the temples. These three metals were the first to be used, because they are found pure or not mixed with other metals. They do not have to be separated from their ore, so it is very easy to use them.

When Columbus discovered the New World, he found the Indians putting gold to such common uses as the making of fishhooks and pots. This was because they found plenty of gold. The iron used by us for such common things had not been discovered by them. Anyway, it was mixed with ore and so would have been much harder to prepare for use.

There are many things in the earth that look like gold

but that are of no value whatever. There was once a poor farmer who found in a brook something yellow and glittering. He thought that it was gold, and he was very happy, for he wished, more than anything else, to be rich. For many years he worked and waited. He was happy, for he thought that all he had to do was to tell of his discovery and he would be a rich man. At last he told of it. Just fancy how disappointed he was, when jewelers told him that it was not gold and so was of no value at all! What he found is often called "Fool's Gold."

Gold has a beautiful yellow color, and it easily takes a high polish, which makes it very useful in the arts. It is found in many forms in all parts of the world, and may occur in flakes, nuggets, crystals, or other different forms. In color, it ranges from orange and bright yellow to yellowish gray, according to other metals with which it may be mixed or alloyed. It is usually found alloyed with copper or with silver. Gold is very easy to work. It can be hammered into fine plates or drawn into thin, thread-like wires, or worked into almost any shape.

Several times in the history of America, the discovery of gold in large quantities has caused great excitement and has made many men rush from the Old World to the New World, or from the eastern part of the United States to the western part. The Spaniards came to Mexico and conquered and ill-treated the poor Aztecs just to get their gold. These Aztecs had very valuable mines and they gladly gave the Spaniards much gold, but the Spaniards were not satisfied and demanded more.

Many other people who came to the New World came because they thought it was a land rich in gold. Many valuable discoveries, such as the Pacific Ocean, were made by men who were seeking for gold. The colonists who came to Virginia were searching for gold. The fertile soil of the new country was much more valuable than gold, but people in those days did not know it.

The most important use for gold is for coining money. Nearly all of the different nations of to-day have what is called a "gold standard." This means that they measure everything that they have by saying that it is worth so much in gold. Gold is also used for jewelry, for ornaments, for plating, and for many other things. It is a very convenient metal to use, because it is not changed by being exposed to the air.

Gold Mining

Canada, South Africa, California, Alaska, and Montana are now giving to the entire world nearly all of the gold which it uses. As men have become more and more civilized, they have improved their occupations. Farming has advanced from the use of the plow made of two crossed sticks to the steam plow of our Western states. Mining has improved almost as much as farming has. Gold is usually found near such rocks as granite, quartz, mica, or slate. The rock containing the gold ore is pounded into a fine powder and washed, and the gold, because it is heaviest, falls to the bottom. The gold is then melted in a strong fire to remove impurities. It is sometimes

mixed with quicksilver, which separates the gold from the other substances. This is the way in which the ancient people used to get gold from the rocks. They could not get out much gold in this way and the gold which they did get was not always pure; but their method of extracting gold has been so much improved that now every

Washing Gold from Gravel Beds in California.

grain is taken out, and the gold is perfectly pure. "Refined gold" is gold that has been heated many times and thus made very pure. The Bible tells us that we should, by the trials of life, be made as pure as the "refined gold," made pure in the hot furnace.

The process called *amalgamation* is more used now than the other process. Mines which do not pay when worked in the old way, pay rich profits when the process

of amalgamation is used. The machinery for amalgamation is very costly.

The sand or rock containing the gold is pounded into a very fine powder, in an iron or stone mortar. While the pounding is going on, water is poured in and out, to carry away light bits that are not gold. The powder is dried and put back into the mortar. Then quicksilver is thoroughly mixed with all of this powder and the whole mass is strained through a coarse cloth. The gold, mixed with the quicksilver, will pass through. The earth will be left in the cloth. The mass of gold and quicksilver is placed, little by little, in cups over whose tops pieces of buckskin are fastened. By squeezing with the hands, the quicksilver is forced through the pores of the buckskin. The gold is left in a pasty mass. Silver is also purified in this way.

Captain Kidd and His Treasure

A great many years ago, before our country was called the United States, but was made up of a number of colonies, there were many pirates. These men often became very rich by capturing sailing ships that had rich cargoes. One of the most famous of these pirates was Captain Kidd. He was very much feared and hated. Again and again, ships would disappear with their rich cargoes and never again be seen. Whenever this happened, the ship's owners would say, "Captain Kidd must have done this."

So many ships were missed that at last a number of ship-owners, who had lost their ships, made up a little fleet

and sailed up and down the coast, looking for Captain Kidd. For a long time, they did not see him, but they kept hearing of the loss of other ships that they thought he must have captured. One day they saw his vessel some distance away. They began to chase him. Captain Kidd saw them coming and sailed away as fast as he could. His vessel was very fast, so he had a good chance to reach the land. He could not get out to sea, because the little fleet blocked his way. When he saw this, he sailed straight to the nearest land. Then he and his men landed and brought on shore all of the gold taken from the ships that they had captured. They set aside as much as they could carry away and piled the rest into heavy chests and buried it deep on the rocky shore. Then they set their ship on fire and fled across the country. They were never seen again, so they must have been killed by Indians.

This took place on our shore somewhere between Maine and Long Island. Captain Kidd and his men did not live long enough to come back to get the gold. Nobody else knew where it was. To this day, hundreds and hundreds of people have looked and looked, trying to find Captain Kidd's buried treasure. Do you think that you could find it?

"EUREKA!"

Long years ago, King Hiero ruled over Syracuse, an ancient kingdom. He was a good and a wise king. His best friend was Archimedes, a man who knew more of mathematics and of science than any other man of his day.

Whenever King Hiero was puzzled over anything, he used to ask Archimedes about it.

King Hiero wished to have a new crown made. He sent for a skillful goldsmith, and asked how much gold would be needed to make the crown. Then he gave to the goldsmith the gold that he thought it would take and told him to make the crown.

When the crown was made, King Hiero was very much pleased with it, but it felt lighter than he thought that it ought to feel. So he showed it to Archimedes and asked him if he thought that the goldsmith had put all of the gold that he had given him into the crown. Archimedes looked at it and felt its weight. It looked to him too red for pure gold, which should be very yellow. He thought and thought, but he could not think of a way to tell whether or not the crown was pure gold. At last he went home, still thinking over this problem. On the next morning, he thought of it again. He began to get ready to go to the palace to see the king. He started to take a bath. As he stepped into his tub, he noticed that the water rose in the tub. He sat there and thought a minute. Then quickly getting out of the tub and stopping only long enough to throw his robe about him, he rushed through his house shouting "Eureka! Eureka!" This means, "I have found it! I have found it!" Quickly, he rushed to the palace and seized the crown. Then he took some pure gold that weighed exactly the same as the crown. He put the gold in a tub of water and marked how high the water rose. Then he took out the gold and placed the crown in the same

tub of water. The water did not rise as high as it had risen, when the gold was in the water. Thus Archimedes proved that the gold had not been all made into the crown.

After King Hiero had seen Archimedes do this, he sent for the goldsmith. When he had told the goldsmith what had been done, the goldsmith was afraid. He fell on his knees and confessed that he had stolen part of the gold, instead of putting it into the crown.

This discovery of Archimedes has been of great use to science. It is still called the "Law of Archimedes."

When you go to high school and to college, you will hear more about it.

Silver

Next to gold, silver is the metal most used for money. Silver is found in all parts of the world. One hundred and twelve million dollars' worth of silver is mined every year. Nearly all of this comes from the mines of Mexico and of Peru. Silver, like gold, is best mined by amalgamation.

Silver has a shining white color. Like gold, it can be hammered into thin plates, or drawn into thin wire. It can be polished very highly. It tarnishes easily, out in the air. Silver is used to make money, ornaments, plated articles, and many other things.

The Gold and Silver Shield

A great many years ago, two knights met in a forest at the crossing of two roads. At the place where the roads met, there was a post, on top of which was a shield. This was a signpost to tell travelers which road to take.

It was evening when the knights met. Each one wore a suit of shining armor and rode a beautiful horse. "Good morning, brother!" said the first knight to the other knight. "What a beautiful gold shield this is!"

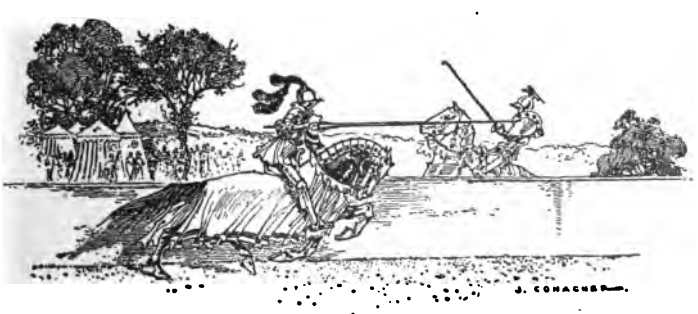
"Gold shield?" asked the second knight, smiling. "You cannot see in the dark. The shield is made of silver."

"What nonsense!" shouted the first knight, "you must be color blind. I have fine eyes and I tell you that the shield is made of gold."

The second knight laughed and said, "You insult me! Why, I tell you the shield is made of silver."

The first knight, losing his temper, cried out, "I say that the shield is made of gold!" Drawing his sword, and striking his horse with his spurs, he rushed at the second knight, shouting, "It *is* made of gold, I tell you! Don't you dare to say that it is made of silver! If you do, I will kill you!"

The second knight drew his sword and crying out, "I will show you that it is made of silver!" rode at the first knight.



"For an hour they fought hard."

For an hour they fought hard. At the end of that time, neither knight had won but both, severely wounded, were lying in the road.

A little later, an old man came riding by. When he saw the two knights lying in the road, he stopped his horse and tried to help them. He bound up their wounds. When they felt well enough to sit up, he asked them why they had quarreled.

"It was about this shield," said the first knight. "I know that it is made of gold and he said that it is made of silver."

"But it is made of silver!" cried the second knight. "Look at it and you will see that I am right."

Slowly the old man walked around it and looked at it on both sides. Then he called the two knights to come and look at it more closely. "See, gentlemen," he said to them, "if you had looked at both sides of the shield, you would not have had so much trouble. You would not have had to fight, for you were both right, and you were both wrong. One side of the shield is gold and the other side of the shield is silver."

The two knights were very much ashamed. They shook hands and each blamed himself for the quarrel.

"Let this be a lesson to you both," said the old man. "Always look at both sides of everything before you quarrel about it. Everything has two sides."

Children, how many of you will always remember that?

Copper

Copper is the only red metal. Like gold and silver, it can be hammered into plates and drawn out into thin wires. It is a very useful metal. Before iron was used, copper was mixed with tin and made into swords and knives.

Refining Copper.

(The impure matter is burned out, and the refined copper is poured into molds.)

Copper is found in crystals and in plates. It is sometimes found as an ore, or mixed with other metals, or in large lumps made of solid copper. It is found in England, but most of it comes from the Great Lakes, especially from Lake Superior. Many immense fortunes have been made from rich mines of copper.

Copper is a very useful metal. When you strike it

sharply, it gives out a pleasing sound, hence it is used to make bells and gongs. It also is a good conductor of electricity, so it is used for telegraph wires, for telephone wires, and for cables. It is used to make boilers, kettles, and small coins of low values. It is also used, in sheets, to cover the bottoms of ships, so that barnacles and swordfish will not bore holes in the ship and thus make her spring a leak.

Copper is also used to mix with other metals. Brass is made of a mixture of copper and zinc; bronze is made of copper and tin.

Pine-tree Shillings

One of the first and busiest colonies of New England was the colony of Massachusetts. The men and women in this colony were very hard-working people. They farmed, fished, and traded with both the Indians and the people of their home country, England. At first they used wampum and fur skins for money. They also used English money. But they did not have enough of this to do all of their trading, so they thought that they would make some money of their own.

A Pine-tree Shilling.

They bought a quantity of silver, and they gave Captain Isaac Hull the work of making the money. The money which he made was silver shillings, about the size of a quarter of a dollar. They were called "Pine-tree shillings," because a pine tree was stamped on one side. This was the first money ever made in America.

He was to have as his pay, one coin out of every twenty that he made. For several years he kept on making the money, so that he became very rich. Captain Hull had one daughter, Betsy. She was a rosy-cheeked girl, with pleasant ways, and was a fine housekeeper. A young man in the colony fell in love with her and wished to marry her. With the consent of her father, they were married. After they had come home to Captain Hull's house for the wedding feast, he said, "Now, daughter Betsy, you are a good girl and I will give you a dowry fit for a princess." While all of the wedding guests and even Betsy herself were wondering what he meant, servants brought out a large pair of scales, and a heavy, ironbound, oak chest.

"Now, daughter Betsy," said Captain Hull, "come here." Betsy came and Captain Hull helped her to stand in one side of the scale. Then he piled up the other side, until the scale where Betsy stood, tall and plump as she was, was lifted up from the floor.

"Here, take her and be good to her," said Captain Hull, to her new husband. "She is well worth having for herself. It is not every wife who is also worth her weight in silver."

Betsy and her husband were very happy. Some of the best people of to-day trace their descent to them.

Coal

Coal is one of the best-known minerals. It is black in color, and has a bright luster. It is found in layers which vary from one inch to several yards in thickness. Sometimes there will be several layers of coal with layers of dirt

between them. Some of the deepest coal mines are worked three hundred feet below the surface of the earth. Coal is found in large quantities in England, in China, in France, and in the United States.

A View in a Coal Mine in Pennsylvania.

The greatest coal region in the United States is in Pennsylvania near Pittsburg. Coal is formed of trees which have been covered over, and have then decayed and been pressed down hard. This has been going on for hundreds of years.

There are two kinds of coal, hard coal and soft coal. Soft coal is called *bituminous* coal. It burns with so much smoke that the law of New York City will not let it be burned within the city limits. Some men are trying now to invent a smoke consumer, which will be placed over the chimney to catch the smoke and sift it so that there will be no smoke sent out of the factory. Soft coal is much cheaper than hard coal. Hard coal is also called *anthracite* coal. It burns with very little smoke. *Cannel* coal is a kind of hard coal that burns with a very pretty flame.

Coal is used for heating purposes, to run engines, to make steam, and gas. It is one of the most useful of all the minerals.

A Mining Adventure in New Mexico

About forty years ago, a party of engineers went to work in the silver mines in Arizona. These mines had once produced much silver. For a long time they had not been worked. The Jesuits had gone away and the Indians would not allow any one else to work the mines.

This party of engineers had just begun to work the mines, when the Civil War broke out and they thought that it would be wise to stop work for a while. Many Mexican workmen had to be paid. There was no money at hand, but quite a little was owing the company.

One of the engineers was sent forty miles away to collect a debt of two thousand dollars. The money was paid to him in silver ore, and two Mexicans went before him to carry this ore to the mine. A little later, the engineer started, riding alone, to return to the mine. He met Indians who fired at him, but, by putting his horse to a run, he escaped, although he was badly wounded.

On returning to the mine that night, he found that the Mexicans and the wagonload of ore had not arrived. As the next day passed and they did not come, the miners began to think that the Mexicans had stolen the ore. One of the engineers went to try to find them. After a while, as he did not come back, two other engineers went

out to look for him. They found the ore wagon upset and empty. Near the wagon lay the engineer and the two Mexicans dead.

Then came a busy time. The engineers knew that the Indians were ready to attack them at any time. They knew that six weeks more of work must be done in smelting the silver. Bravely they set to work. They took turns at watching, so that the Indians were not able to surprise them. At the end of six weeks they were able to load the pure silver in wagons and march to the nearest city. None of them ever forgot those six weeks of mining among the Indians. Many other silver mines used to be worked under like difficulties.

Iron

Iron is a hard, strong metal. It, like gold and silver, can be hammered into plates or drawn out into wire. It can also be welded. It is one of the most useful of metals. It is rarely found pure, but nearly always mixed with sulphur. By roasting the iron ore, the sulphur is taken out of it. The United States produces most of the iron used in the world. Pennsylvania, Alabama, and the states around Lake Superior are the states from which most of the iron comes.

Three forms of iron are very much used. They are cast iron, wrought iron, and steel. Steel is very valuable. It is used for railroad tracks, for cables on bridges, for cars, for guns, and for the framework of large buildings.

Wagon wheels and horseshoes are made from wrought

iron. Cast iron is used to make stoves, water pipes, grates, gas mains, and railings.

Loading Iron in an Iron Mine.

Zinc

Zinc is a dull-looking, gray metal. It is not quite so hard as copper. It has to be heated before it can be hammered into thin sheets. Zinc ore is found in large quantities in the United States, — Missouri, Kansas, Indiana, and Illinois.

Zinc is made into sheets, and these sheets are used to cover or line pipes, roofs, gutters, ash cans, and cisterns.

It is also used for making printing plates and in making paint. The chief use of zinc is to galvanize iron, that is,

Zinc Mines.

to cover sheets of iron, or iron wire, with zinc, to prevent its rusting.

Lead

Lead is a heavy, soft metal of a silvery gray color. It melts easily and can be easily hammered and bent. It is mined in Colorado, Missouri, Utah, and Montana. Lead is very useful; it is made into water pipes and into gas pipes, and is used to make paint and shot.

One very common use of lead is to make sinkers on fishing lines. Lead is used for this purpose, because it is both heavy and cheap. How many of you have ever used lead sinkers on your fishing lines?

Throwing the Lead

Every vessel at sea is provided with one or more long ropes. These ropes are marked off into fathoms by means of bits of red or white cloth. This cloth is woven into the strands of the rope. At the end of this line, or rope, is a heavy piece of lead. It is usually shaped like a cylinder and has a hollow in the bottom. This hollow is filled with soap.

This line is used to "get the ship's sounding," as the sailors call it. This means to tell in how deep water the ship is, and to tell what kind of a bottom the ocean has at that point. The line is thrown overboard. The lead makes it sink to the bottom. When it gets slack, the sailors know that it has touched bottom. Then it is drawn slowly up. As it is hauled in, the sailors count how many fathoms of rope it took to reach the bottom. Then they look at the soap in the hollow bottom of the lead. This tells them what kind of a bottom the ocean has, because bits of rock and sand are sticking to the soap.

The Three Caskets

An old legend tells us that, long ago, in a little kingdom in Italy, there lived a beautiful lady. Her name was Portia. She was very wealthy. He father had feared that her life would be unhappy because of her great wealth. He feared that some one would marry her for her wealth and not for herself. So, when he died, he told in his will the way in which she must choose her husband.

In one of the most beautiful rooms of the palace there were placed three locked caskets. He gave to Portia three keys, one for each casket. In his will he said, "Whoever wishes to marry Portia must choose that one of the three caskets that holds her picture." The three caskets were very different. One was of gold, richly carved; one was of silver with raised figures; the third was of plain lead, not ornamented at all. Each casket had a verse written on the outside of it. On the golden casket was written, "Who chooses me shall have what many men desire." The silver casket bore the verse, "Who chooses me shall get what he deserves." The third casket had written upon it, "Who chooses me must risk himself and all he has."

All the suitors of Portia were obliged to try the caskets. The one who chose the casket in which lay Portia's picture was to marry her, but those who chose the wrong caskets were to go away at once, and were to promise never to marry any one else.

People thought that the terms of the will were very hard, but Portia's beauty and wealth always kept the palace full of suitors. Many had already come and gone, when three others came to the palace. One was an Eastern prince. He looked at the caskets and read the three inscriptions. He came back to the golden casket and slowly read again, "Who chooses me shall have what many men desire." He thought a moment and then said, "Why, surely Portia is what most men desire. I choose the golden casket." He took the key, opened it, and

found, not Portia's picture, but a human skull, bleached and bare. Sadly he said good-by to Portia and went back to his Eastern home.

The next one of these three suitors was also a brave prince from a foreign land. He looked at the golden casket, and then passed on to the silver one. He slowly read, "Who chooses me shall get what he deserves." He thought, "Surely I deserve Portia, for we are equal in birth, beauty, and wealth — I choose the silver casket." Then he took the silver key and opened it. He found, not a picture of Portia, but of a grinning idiot. Angrily he turned away and set out for his far-away home.

The third and last of these three was Bassanio, an Italian nobleman of high birth, but without wealth. He was young, brave, and handsome. Long ago, he had seen Portia, and she remembered him. She secretly hoped that he would choose the right casket.

Slowly and thoughtfully Bassanio walked again and again from casket to casket. Many times he paused and read the inscriptions. He could hardly bear to choose, for he knew that if he chose the wrong one, he must go away at once and he was enjoying Portia's society very much.

At last he read again the inscription written upon the lead casket, "Who chooses me must risk himself and all he has." He thought for a few moments and then said to himself, "Yes, that is certainly what I am doing. I am risking my fortune, myself, and all I have for Portia. If I win, I shall be happy beyond the happiness of most

men. If I lose, I shall not be sorry that I came. It is worth everything to have seen and known Portia." Then he chose the key to the casket of lead. He opened it, and in it lay Portia's picture. He turned and kissed her hand and claimed her as his bride. Soon after, they were married and were very happy. In a beautiful play called "The Merchant of Venice," you may read about the rest of their lives.

— Adapted from SHAKESPEARE.

CLASSES OF MINERALS

A mineral is a substance that is always in the form of crystals. There are two kinds or classes of minerals. They are: —

First. Simple minerals. These are minerals that are found pure. They are not mixed with anything else. Sulphur is a simple mineral.

Second. Compound minerals. A compound mineral is a mineral which is found combined with some other element. Quartz and mica are compound minerals.

CLASSES OF METALS

Metals are always elements. That is, they are substances which are never found combined with other substances. They may be mixed with them, but they are never combined with them. Metals are found in two states. These states or conditions are: —

First. Native or pure state. That is, the metal is found

alone and not mixed with anything else. Gold, silver, and copper are often found in this state.

Second. In ores. Ores are metals mixed with some other elements. A good example of an ore is one kind of iron ore, called iron pyrites, or "fool's gold," formed from a mixture of iron and sulphur.

Building Materials

Nature has given to man two building materials. These are wood and stone. Man has combined different things and made other materials for building. The building materials given to man by nature are called natural building materials. The building materials made by man are called artificial building materials.

Mortar

There are several of these artificial building materials. Mortar is one of them. Mortar is a mixture of water, lime, and sand. This forms a kind of paste. Stones or bricks are piled up in layers to make houses, walls, and foundations of houses. Between every two layers of stones or bricks, wet mortar is placed. The mortar dries into a hard mass and holds the bricks or stones together, so that they form a solid wall.

Bricks

Bricks are made of clay. This clay is made into a soft dough, by being mixed with water, and it is worked until

it becomes very fine grained. It is then cut into blocks which are piled up to dry. As soon as they are dry they are baked in an oven, or kiln, until they are hard. The kiln is a tall, hollow pile of bricks with a fire built underneath it. Terra cotta is brick molded in various ornamental

A Brickyard.

shapes. Harvard bricks are bricks made out of a special kind of reddish clay.

Cement is a paste made by mixing red and white lead and other substances. It is used to fill up cracks, to paste together broken pieces of crockery, to join brownstone steps, and to make joints water-tight. Cement is sold in barrels.

Plaster

Plaster is a mixture of lime, sand, and hair. Masons can often be seen mixing plaster before a new building. It is used to make the walls and ceilings of buildings. Plaster of Paris is a finer-grained plaster. It is used for picture moldings and for ornamentations on the walls.

Roads and Road-building Material

There are many kinds of roads in our land. Most of the country roads are only broad pathways of dirt, and after

A Country Road.

a rain these roads are usually very muddy. In some parts of the country there are plank roads. These are roads which have been made by cutting down the roadbed, sink-

ing in beams, logs, or planks, and then covering them with dirt. Plank roads are easy to make, but they do not last very long.

Some roads are made of rough stones or cobblestones. A better kind of street is the street paved with square blocks of granite, about twice the size of a brick. These streets are said to be paved with Belgian blocks.

The bicycle and the automobile have done a great deal for the roads in this country, for they must have smooth roads. Three kinds of roads are good for automobiles. The first kind is the road made of asphalt,—mixed dried sand, gravel, and powdered limestone. An asphalt road is a very smooth one. The second kind of road is the one made of concrete. Concrete is made by mixing small bits of stone and little pebbles with mortar. This mixture of concrete is as hard as stone. It is very good for roads through damp places. It is also much used for foundations of buildings, for sea walls, for cellars, and for docks. It is much used instead of stone for building whole houses. The great inventor, Thomas A. Edison, has just finished an invention that will soon make concrete houses very cheap. It is an iron pattern or frame, with a hollow inside. This hollow part is pumped full of liquid concrete. Then it is left to dry for a few days. When the frame is removed, the whole house, with chimneys, mantelpieces, sideboards, and benches is finished. Is this not a wonderful invention?

The third kind of road is called a macadam road. It is named from Mr. Macadam, a Scotchman, who first found out how to make this kind of a road. Making such a road

is called macadamizing. It is made of broken bits of granite. The broken stone is rolled and pressed into the ground, until it is so smooth and hard that the rain cannot soak through, and the water runs off the side of it. This kind of a road wears the best of all.

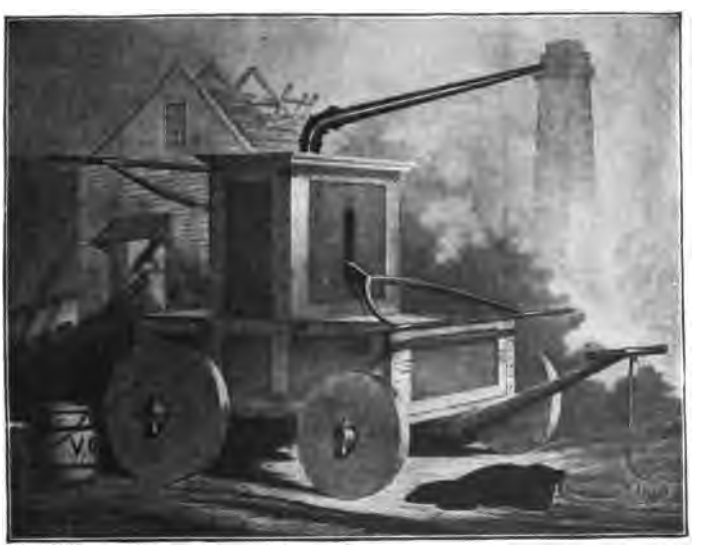
All through the country, the farmers are anxious to have fine roads, so that they can carry their farm products easily to market. They are taxed every year to keep the road in order, and this tax is called a "road tax." Some farmers pay it in money, but nearly all of them pay it by working on the road for a few days each year. In some parts of the country, the convicts are set to work in gangs, repairing and building roads.

CIVICS

"Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

THE FIRE DEPARTMENT

ONE of the greatest dangers in a large, crowded city is the danger of fire. In the early days of the history of New York City, the fire supplies were only a number of large leather buckets. Whenever a fire started, a line of men was formed



Fire Engine used in Brooklyn in 1785.

from the water supply to the fire. Then the first man filled each bucket in turn and passed it to the man next to him on the line. It was thus passed along, from man to man, until it reached the man nearest the fire. As soon

as the bucket was empty it was rushed back again to the first man on the line.

A little later, after the city had grown larger, companies of fire fighters were formed. These companies were made up of the citizens who volunteered to serve, and hence were

A Fire Boat.

called "volunteer firemen." Each company had its own small engine for pumping water, and when the fire alarm rang, these men ran to the engine house and dragged the engine to the fire by means of ropes.

These engines were very small and look very queer to us. Sometimes on a holiday the few who are left of these old

"volunteer firemen" parade the streets of our city and pull their engine with them. They did splendid work, but the city outgrew their old-fashioned ways.

The fire department of New York City to-day is the best in the world. Every few blocks there is an alarm signal which rings in the nearest engine house, where a squad of firemen is always on duty, and it takes only a few minutes for the firemen to be on their way.

The fire department has the very latest and best of apparatus for handling fires. They have search lights to help the men to see through the steam and smoke. There is a high water tower which is carried on a wagon, and from which a great stream of water can be sent on to the burning building.

Then there is the high-pressure hose, which throws a large, solid stream of water to a great height. In the harbor, there are ten large fire boats which pump great streams of water into burning ships or wharves.

Rolling to a Fire

In every fire house there are three signals. They are the first bell or "joker," as the men call it, the electric clock, and the big gong.

Let us imagine that we are in an engine house. It is night and all is quiet, when the "joker" sounds out the number of strokes which make the number of that company's call. If their number is thirty-seven, there will be three sharp strokes, a moment of silence, and then seven sharp strokes.

The men do not wait for the sharp "Turn out!" of the man at the desk. The first stroke of their call makes every man jump from his bed. Lying beside him are his "turn-outs," as he calls his trousers attached to rubber boots and leggings. He slips them on, runs to a round hole in the floor, and slides down a metal pole to the floor below.

A Modern Fire Engine.

When the signal sounded, an electric combination let go the halters from the headstalls of the horses. Each horse ran at once to his place in front of the engine. The harness, which was fastened to the ceiling, dropped to the backs of the horses. The men snapped the belts and collars, seized coats and helmets, jumped upon the engine, or tender, or hook-and-ladder cart, and then "rolled," as the firemen call it, to the fire.

The engineer lights the fire, which is always laid in the engine ready to light. Above the noise of the engine and of the horses may often be heard the barking of the engine-house dog, or "mascot." Many engine houses have dogs, which always go to all of the fires. The chief dashes to the fire in his big red automobile, or in his launch, if the fire is a harbor fire.

New York has six signals. They are known as first, second, third, fourth, fifth, and "two nines." This last is the signal which means "great danger." Every alarm brings more men and more engines and hook-and-ladder carts. It is a sight well worth seeing, when a fire company dashes out to a fire.

The Training and Duties of a Fireman

The man who wishes to join the fire department must be physically strong, an abstainer from alcohol, and must be willing to obey orders. He must apply to the Civil Service Commission and must first pass a severe physical examination. If he passes this, he then takes the Civil Service examination. He must be a good student in primary and grammar school studies, or he will not be able to pass. If he passes, he is placed upon a Civil Service list.

From this list, men are appointed, those receiving the highest marks being appointed first. They are appointed for a thirty days' trial and are then assigned to different companies. After reporting at his quarters, the new fireman is sent to the Fire Training School, which is at 68th Street and Third Avenue. Here he is trained to slide down

ropes, to use scaling ladders, and to do other things that firemen have to do daily. He is kept in training here for twenty-one days, and then if his work is satisfactory, he becomes a regular fireman of the fourth grade. He now receives his uniform and is ready for work.

Firemen's Brave Deeds

The work of the firemen is dangerous, indeed. None but brave men can stay in the fire department. It is a very dangerous thing to drive at great speed through the crowded streets a huge engine drawn by three horses.

Once a fireman was driving down Third Avenue. Three small children were playing in the street, directly in the path of the engine. There was not time for them to get out of the way. The fireman driving the engine turned it to one side against one of the pillars of the elevated road. The children were saved, but the driver himself and one of his horses were instantly killed.

At another time, at a sharp turn of the street, a driver was thrown from his seat and the reins fell upon the horses' backs. At once the lieutenant sprang from the driving wheel to the back of the middle horse. He seized the reins and climbed back to the driver's wheel, thus preventing a bad runaway.

Once a fireman was buried alive, for thirty-six hours, in the ruins of a great paper warehouse. He had been given up for dead. Rescue parties were looking for his body in the ruins. At last, from the heap, came a muffled cry, "Thirty-two! Thirty-two!" and then the sound of knock-

ing. The man was alive. He was shouting the number of his engine company. Eagerly and carefully the firemen dug in the ruins and at last he was rescued, alive, but very weak. They took him to the hospital and after a few days he was perfectly well.

Two of the most terrible fires ever known were the one at the Windsor Hotel, in New York City and that at the Iroquois Theater, Chicago. At both of these fires, there was great loss of life, and also many daring rescues. Another terrible fire was the burning of the docks at Hoboken, and on this occasion the fire-boats did great service.

People caught in a burning building ought to remember to go to the nearest exit, and to keep their self-control. They ought never to push or to crowd, as this is sure to cause confusion.

Duties of Citizens to the Fire Department

Citizens should be careful never to cause a fire. It is dangerous to throw down lighted matches, to build or to jump over bonfires, to throw lighted firecrackers at anybody, to use carelessly cap pistols and fireworks, and to place lighted firecrackers under horses and thus cause them to run away.

Matches should be kept in covered boxes, away from the smaller children and away from mice. Many a building has been burned, because rats and mice gnawed the match heads and thus made the matches light.

When the gas is turned on, the cock should be turned a very little way and then lighted, the match being held to

it at once. This will make only a tiny explosion instead of a large one. All oil cans should be kept away from the fire. Never start the fire with kerosene, as this is a very dangerous thing to do. Lamps and oil stoves should be filled in the morning, so that the fumes of the oil will not cause a fire. Oily rags should be burned at once and not saved, because a lighted match may be accidentally dropped upon them.

The fire escapes should never be used as a place of storage or for sleeping. They should be kept clear, so that they can be used, if necessary.

Every citizen ought to know where the fire alarm box nearest to his house is placed, and he should also know how to ring the fire alarm. He should never ring it except in case of fire, because if he does, he will give extra work to brave firemen who may be tired out from attending a real fire.

To turn in the alarm, the following things must be done: —

First. Turn, *towards the right,* the handle of the door of the fire-alarm box. This will open the door and ring a bell.

This bell tells the nearest policeman that an alarm is being sent.

Second. Pull down *once* the hook inside of the fire box. This rings the alarm.

To know how to send in an alarm, may save time and thus save life and property.

If you are in school when a fire breaks out, keep your head and the fire drill will save you. That is why you practice it so often.

Firemen's Pets

Firemen are usually brave, strong men, used to taking great risks. They are kind-hearted, however, and they are very fond of pets. The horses are their chief pets. These intelligent animals are greatly loved by them. Nearly all of the horses will shake hands, neigh for sugar, and do other little tricks which show careful training.

Usually there is some other pet around the fire house, besides the horses. Most often this pet is a dog, usually a spotted one. The dog sleeps with the horses and follows them to the fires. Several companies have pet kittens; one has a pet rooster and two have pet monkeys. Thus it may be seen that the firemen love animals.

If you should read over the roll of honor of the firemen of any large city, you would be reading a list of heroes as brave as any who ever fought in war. Once a year, the mayor awards medals to the firemen for the bravest acts during the year.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT

Where a number of people live together, there must be rules or laws to protect each person in his rights. A school is a good example of this. The rules ought to be made by the teachers and the principals, with the help of the older pupils. Then the teachers and principals and some monitors chosen from the students see that these rules are carried out.

In a large city, these rules are called laws. The commissioner of police takes the place of the principal of the school. His officers and men take the place of the teachers and monitors. They must see that the laws are carried out.

Just as the city is divided up into districts with a schoolhouse in each district, so the city is divided up into "precincts" with a station-house in each precinct. The precinct is divided again into districts. Each man is assigned to a district called a "beat" or "post."

The policemen are the friends of the people, because they are there to protect the people and their property. Some mothers make the mistake of frightening their children when they are troublesome, by saying, "If you are not good and go to sleep, I will call a policeman to take you away." This is very wrong, for it makes children afraid of the policemen, who ought to be their best friends. Every child should be taught to go, if he is lost, to the nearest policeman and tell him his name and where he lives, for the policeman would take him safely home.

Policemen have many duties. They answer questions; they arrest people who have broken the law; they send for the ambulance, and they help in other ways a person who has met with an accident.

Special Kinds of Police

Besides the regular police in New York City, there are several special kinds of police. There are the "traffic squad," who are seen sometimes on horseback, sometimes

on bicycles, and sometimes on foot, at the most crowded crossings. They regulate traffic and thus prevent many accidents. The "health squad" helps to fight contagious diseases. Another special squad is called the "harbor police." They patrol the docks and harbors and see that all is well there.

The "aqueduct police" are stationed where they are

Mounted Traffic Sergeant.

Courtesy of the Police Department, New York City.

building a big dam, north of New York City. Their work is to protect the workmen who are laying the pipes for the new waterworks and to prevent the pipes from being stolen or cut.

The policemen do a great deal of good. It is no unusual thing to see one of them rescue a person at a street crossing, from being run over by a car or by frightened horses.

Sometimes, along the water-front, they jump into the water at the risk of their own lives to save some one who has either fallen or jumped in.

They know how to give "first aid" to the injured. Many a person, unconscious from gas or smoke, or bleeding from wounds, has been revived and saved by the help given to him by a policeman, while he was waiting for the ambulance to come.

Inspector.

Precinct Foot Patrolman.

Courtesy of the Police Department, New York City.

It is a hard thing for a criminal to escape nowadays. Whenever any one commits a crime and then escapes for the time, telegrams and cables, giving his description, are sent to all parts of the world. Then the police all look for him and very seldom does he escape. Many policemen are killed every year while they are doing their duty.

Once every year there is a parade of the police of New York. At the head of the parade proudly walks the "Honor Company," as it is called, because every man in it has earned one or more medals. In front of the "Honor Squad" is proudly borne a great blue-and-gold banner, with the motto, "Faithful unto Death." This banner was given to the police department, by the citizens of New York,

in honor of those who died at their posts. When the parade stops in front of the reviewing stand, the Mayor of New York pins on the coats of the men the medals awarded them for their acts of bravery during the past year.

A man who wishes to be a policeman goes about it the same way as a man does who wishes to be a fireman. He must have a good reputation and must pass a physical examination and a civil service examination. He must also attend the police training school, where both men and horses are trained.

At times, some of the best men are sent out without their uniforms, and dressed as any private citizen is dressed. When they are dressed like this, they are called "plain-clothes men," and can often find out things that would be hidden from a policeman in uniform.

Any city may well be proud of its police force. A little civil service journal published for five cents every week, and called *The Chief*, tells of the brave deeds of policemen and of firemen. It also tells when all the civil service examinations are to be held, and how to prepare for a civil service position. Many boys, now in school, can begin to prepare themselves for these positions by doing good work in school.

DUTIES OF CITIZENS

All citizens, large and small, can help their city very much indeed. They can obey the police, keep the gutters in front of their houses clear from ice and snow and rubbish;

they can stop throwing paper into the streets; they can pick up paper that they see on the streets and throw it in the waste cans placed at the street corners.

People can be careful how they use matches, gas, and oil. They can keep the fire escapes free from bundles, so that they can be used at a moment's notice. They can also conduct themselves in an orderly manner in the streets, and can help the police if there is a crowd or a panic.

Ball playing and stone throwing in the streets are forbidden. The reason for this is because windows may be broken or passers-by may be hit and badly hurt. Boys should remember this and be careful.

The city, as fast as it can, is providing playgrounds in schoolyards, in parks, and on the roofs of the schoolhouses. Let us hope that soon there will be so many of these playgrounds that there will be no more ball playing and stone throwing in the street. Let us hope that all of our boys and girls will band themselves into "Leagues" to help protect property, and that the "Gangs" will be useful and not mischievous in their play.

LANGUAGE

"Language is a tool to be used throughout life."

THE ART OF WRITING

THE art of telling one's thoughts to another in writing is very old. The savage who wished to leave behind him a message for his friends left it scratched upon a rock. He cut rough pictures of men and animals and showed by their positions what they were doing.

Later, a rough picture of a man would be scratched and before his mouth would be placed a small picture of an ox,

Indian Picture Writing.

dove, serpent, or whatever other animal the man was thought to be like. Thus the picture was made to mean some particular man. The Mexican Indians used to write their messages in this way upon the rocks.

Then the pictures came to stand, not for the animal, but for some quality of the animal. The lion stood for courage; the snake for deceit; the deer for speed, and so on. Thus,

the savages were able to tell more in their letters on the rocks.

Next, signs, or letters, were used to represent the sounds of which words were made, and thus written language was made. Thus man was given something by means of which he could tell his thoughts to people far away.

The Slave and the Letter

Long ago, in an Eastern land, a slave was sent to carry a basket of figs and a letter to a friend of his master. On his way through the woods, he became tired. He sat down to rest under a tree. He was hungry, so he ate some of the figs from the basket.

After he had given the figs and the letter to the gentleman, he was punished, because he had eaten some of the figs. He was very much surprised, for he did not understand how this fact could have been learned from the letter.

The next time that he was sent on the same errand, he again sat under the tree and ate some of the figs. This time, however, he was bound that the letter should not tell on him. Taking the letter in his hand, he said, "You shall not tattle on me this time!" Then he hid it under a stone and sat upon the stone, while he ate the figs.

Feeling sure that the letter would not betray him this time, he finished his errand. Much to his surprise, he was punished again. He could not understand how he had been found out. The poor, ignorant fellow did not know that his master had written in the letter just exactly how many figs ought to be found in the basket.

Writing Materials

The first letters were written upon rocks and left at the side of the road. They were to be found by the ones to whom they were written. Next, a piece of rock that could easily be carried was broken off and was carried by a person to the one to whom it was to go.

The Ten Commandments formed a message or letter from God to the Jews. They were written in this way upon tablets of stone. Only high and mighty people sent stone letters. They always carried very important messages, such as laws, commands; and wills.

The stone was heavy and not very easy to carry around. So soon shells or bits of metal, such as gold, silver, or lead, were used, instead of stone, upon which to scratch these messages.

In the Bible, in the book of Job, the use of stone as a writing material is mentioned. The Athenians used oyster shells to write their votes upon in the Senate. In countries where there were no stones or shells, bricks and pieces of bark were used.

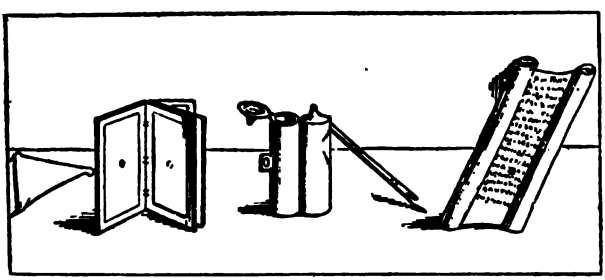
Once a Greek wished to send a secret message of great importance. He shaved a soldier's head and wrote the message upon his scalp. Then he let the hair grow out and sent him to carry the message. When he reached the end of his journey, the hair was shaved off and the message was read. Was that not a clever way to send it?

Leaves soon began to be used for writing material. The Greeks now wrote their votes upon olive leaves instead of

upon oyster shells. The Hindoos also used leaves. This is why the pages of books came to be called "leaves."

The inner bark of trees was soon found to be better than leaves for writing purposes. The Saxons of England used the inner bark of the beech tree. They dried it and called it "boc" when it was already to be written upon. That is where we get our word *book*.

Next, thin tablets of wood, covered with wax, were used to write upon by the Romans. They wrote by digging into



Writing Tablets, Inkstand, Reed Pen, and Manuscript Roll.

them with a pointed piece of wood or metal. This was called a "stylus." After the letter had been read, the wax was smoothed down and then used again. This made it very convenient and economical.

The Romans were not allowed to wear arms within the city, so the only weapon which they had with them all the time was this stylus. Julius Cæsar used his stylus to defend himself when he was attacked by the traitors in the Capitol.

The Egyptians used linen and the bark of a reed called papyrus. From the word *papyrus* came the Greek word for book, and our word *bible* which means "the book."

The papyrus could be used only upon one side. Papyrus became scarce, because the reeds were being used up faster than they could grow. The kings of Pergamus had the skins of sheep stripped of the wool and tanned. These prepared skins were called pergament or parchment after these kings. Parchment was so expensive that it did not come into common use.

Paper is made from cotton or linen rags.

The goose quill was at first used to write with. It could be easily sharpened when it became dull, and thus one could be used for a long time. Steel pens were used later, instead of goose quills. The word *pen* comes from "pinna," a word meaning "feather."

The first ink was the dark fluid thrown out by the cuttle-fish when they run away from their enemies. Ink is now made from the sap and juices of trees and of plants, mixed with chemicals or other substances.

The Talking Wood

In one of the New England colonies, a white man was working in the forest. He had forgotten a tool that he needed and he did not wish to lose time to go back after it. So he wrote on a chip, the name of the tool that was wanted and sent his Indian helper back to the house to get it. The Indian showed the chip to the man's wife. She looked at it, and then gave him the tool.

He took it back to the man, but he could not understand how the woman had known what to give to him. Always afterwards he wore the chip on a string around his neck, and he called it the "Talking Wood."

Delivery of Letters

The letters of the Romans were rolled up and fastened with a seal of wax. On this seal was pressed some emblem or sign of the writer. A messenger, usually on horseback, carried it. He was to ask the one to whom he gave it if he

Delivering Letters.

recognized by the seal from whom it came. Thus he made sure of giving it to the right person.

The word *post* comes from the Roman way of sending state messages from one part of the empire to another part. Soldiers on horseback were placed or "posted" at fixed distances on the road.

The first messenger would race with the letter to the

second one, give him the letter, and then turn back. The second messenger would hasten to deliver the letter to the third, and so on. In this way fresh horses and fresh soldiers replaced the tired ones and the letters were carried more quickly.

From this way of "posting" letters has gradually developed that wonderful postal system by means of which letters are sent so quickly and so cheaply all over the United States.

Every year it costs less to send letters. It is not very long ago since it cost five cents to send a letter in the United States. Then the cost dropped to three cents. Now it costs only two cents. This great postal system carries letters cheaply and quickly.

Though the receipts of the postal system do not equal the expenses, the government is willing to spend this money because of the benefit to the people.

MUSIC

"Let me write a nation's songs and I care not who may make its laws."

PATRIOTIC SONGS

THERE are, in every nation, songs which are woven into its history. These are songs that every person of that nation — man, woman, and child — ought to know. Among those songs of America are the ones that are here.

Francis Scott Key.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

The "Star-spangled Banner" was written by Francis Scott Key, during the War of 1812, the second war between England and America.

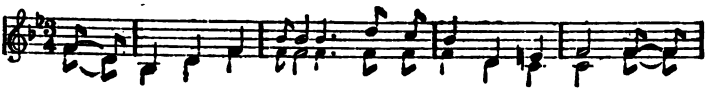
The English fleet was anchored outside of Baltimore, near Fort McHenry. Francis Key had gone with a flag of truce to the English flagship. The battle was just be-

Fort McHenry.

ginning, so he was obliged to wait until it was over. In the morning, as he saw the Stars and Stripes still waving over the ramparts of the fort, the words of the song came to him. He hastily scribbled them on a scrap of paper and, upon his return to land, he read them aloud to a party of friends. Catching up his flute, he ran over tune after tune from memory. All at once he shouted, "Boys, I have it!" Then he played the old tune, — "Anacreon in heaven," fitting the music to the words. This was the first time that the "Star-spangled Banner" was played. Men shouted and clapped. Soldier after soldier sang it. Camp

Flag used at Fort McHenry.

after camp took it up. When the war was over, thousands of soldiers carried the memory of the song home with them, and it became our national anthem.



Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the clouds of the fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

Chorus

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hirelings and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

Chorus

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the wild war's desolation:
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus

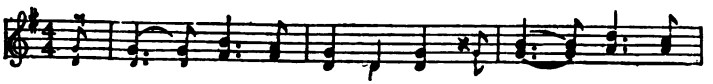
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

—Francis Scott Key.

Hail, Columbia

This song was written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson. He wrote the words for his friend, an actor named Fox. Mr. Fox sang it with great success at a theater in Wilkesbarre,

Pennsylvania. The music was a piece called "The President's March" which had been written nine years before by a German named Fyles, for a special visit of Washington to the John Street theater. The new song at once became popular. It is perhaps the best of our national hymns.



HAIL, Columbia! happy land,
Hail, ye heroes, heav'n born band;
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost!
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus

Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend your rights, defend your shore!
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.

While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heav'n we place a manly trust.
That truth and justice shall prevail,
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

Chorus

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let ev'ry clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and Godlike pow'r,
He governed the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Chorus

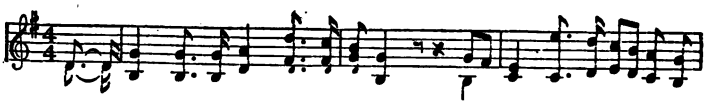
Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands —
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscur'd Columbia's day,
His steady mind from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Chorus

— JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

The words of this song were written by Timothy Dwight. He was a law student at the time of the Revolutionary War, and he joined "Parson's Brigade" of the Connecticut line as chaplain. This song is the only one of his many poetical compositions which is remembered. He was afterward President of Yale College.



O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Chorus

When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy mandates make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe thro' the storm;

With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
  When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
  The boast of the red, white, and blue.

Chorus

The boast of the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
  With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The Union, the Union forever,
  Our glorious nation's sweet hymn;
May the wreaths it has won never wither,
  Nor the star of its glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
  But they to her colors prove true!
The army and navy forever!
  Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

Chorus

Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
  The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

America

Samuel Francis Smith, a graduate of Harvard College, wrote the words for this song. The music of the song is the

old tune, "God save the King." The hymn was first sung on the occasion of a children's celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston, on July 4, 1832.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrim's pride!
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

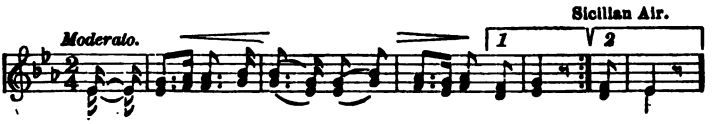
—S. F. Smith.

Home, Sweet Home

The words of this song were written by John Howard Payne. He was an American who spent his time traveling from land to land. He wrote the words while he was in Paris. The music was composed and adapted to the words by Sir Henry Bishop, an Englishman, and the song was first sung by the actress, Maria Tree, in a play called "Claire, the Maid of Milan." Dr. Charles Maclay has said of this song, "It has done more than statesmanship or legislation to keep alive, in the hearts of the people, the virtues that flourish at the fireside, and to recall to its hallowed circle the wanderers who stray from it."

The words of "Home, Sweet Home" were probably suggested to Payne by an old poem *Dulce Domum*, or Sweet Home, which was first written in Latin. Three hundred years ago a student at St. Mary's College, Winchester, as a punishment was not allowed to go home for the holiday vacation. He was kept a prisoner and tied to a pillar and was so homesick that he wrote the words of *Dulce Domum*. Every year, before the Whitsun holidays, the students

of St. Mary's celebrate his writing of these beautiful words by marching with a band of music around the pillar to which he was tied and by singing the words.



'MID pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again.
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call —
Give me these, with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Chorus

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home!

Chorus

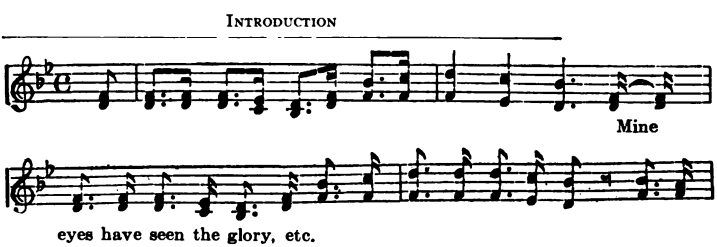
To thee I'll return, overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there.
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Chorus

—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

The music of this famous hymn is an old tune which had been sung at camp-meetings long before the Civil War. After the execution of John Brown, the soldiers made some verses about him, and sang them around the campfire, and as they marched to battle. In December, 1861, Mr. James Freeman Clarke urged Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, a well-known author, to write some grander words, and the Battle Hymn, as we know it, is the result.



MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath
are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift
sword,
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
Glory! glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,"
Since God is marching on.

Chorus

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Chorus

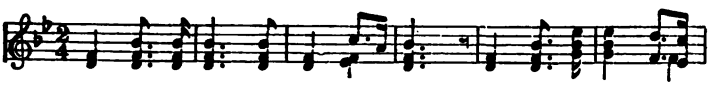
In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Chorus

—JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

This was written by Joseph Rodman Drake. It is a beautiful song called "Old Glory."



WHEN Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies;
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
Sign of hope and triumph high;
Flag of the seas, on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter over the brave.

—J. RODMAN DRAKE.

My Own United States

For a long time many people have thought that a new national song is needed. Many attempts have been made to choose another song for this purpose. Finally the "National Song Society" was organized. It consisted of ten thousand patriotic citizens who were united for the purpose of choosing a suitable national anthem. After searching for a year, during which time they have studied every national American song that ever was written, they chose "My Own United States." The words of this song are by Stanislaus Stange, and the music is by the well-known composer Julian Edwards. It is as follows: —

My native land; my country dear, —
Where men are equal, free,
For thee each morn, new love is born,
Sweet land of liberty!
With tears my eyes are filling fast,
Yes, tears that joy awaits;
With love I cry, "For you I'd die!
My own United States."

Refrain

I love ev'ry inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain side,
I love ev'ry drop of the water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide;

I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass,
  Within Columbia's gates!
The Queen of the earth is the land of my birth,
  My own United States.

From golden youth to silver'd age, —
  Though feeble feet may lag, —
With joy each heart bids age depart,
  When gazing on our flag!
The flag that ever leads the van,
  Whose courage naught abates,
The flag of youth; the flag of truth!
  My own United States.

— STANISLAUS STANGE.

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ARITHMETIC

"The art of reckoning."

THE TWELVE MONTHS

THERE was once a poor widow with two children. The elder was her stepdaughter, Dobrunka. The younger was her own daughter, Katinka.

Katinka was very homely and Dobrunka was very beautiful. Thus the woman hated Dobrunka. She made her work hard every day. Poor Dobrunka had to cook, sew, sweep, wash, mend, and do all of the farm-work besides.

Katinka did nothing except dress in fine clothes and amuse herself. She was always making Dobrunka wait upon her. One cold day in January she said to Dobrunka, "Go into the forest and bring me a bunch of violets. I must have them at once."

"There are no violets now. It is winter and the snow is on the ground," answered Dobrunka.

"Do as you are told!" shouted Katinka, angrily. "People like you ought to know better than to talk back to me."

Poor Dobrunka, weeping as if her heart would break, threw her shawl over her head and ran out into the forest. It was a bitter cold day. The snow had fallen heavily and had covered up all of the paths. She walked around for a while and then saw that she had lost her way. She did not know what to do. While she was wondering what would become of her, she saw a light at the top of a high

hill. She climbed the hill and came to a great rock, upon which a blazing fire was built. Around the fire were twelve smaller rocks, and upon each rock sat a man dressed in a mantle with a hood. Three of these people had green mantles, three had golden mantles, three had white mantles, and three had purple mantles. These men were the twelve months of the year. It was the month of January then, so she looked first for January. He had a long white beard and he was leaning upon a heavy staff.

As Dobrunka drew near, January said kindly, "Come closer to the fire, my child. You must be almost frozen. What are you doing so far away from home?"

"I am trying to find some violets," answered Dobrunka.

"Violets do not grow, child, in my month of cold and snow," said January, kindly.

"That is what I thought," said Dobrunka, timidly, "but my stepmother and sister told me that I must not come home until I bring a bunch of violets with me."

January looked keenly at her for a moment. Then he said, "Brother March, take my staff and help this poor child."

March took the staff and stirred the fire. The snow melted, the grass sprang up, and the snowdrops and violets blossomed. "Now, child," said March, "hurry and pick your violets."

With a little cry of delight, Dobrunka hastily picked the violets, thanked January and March, and ran home as fast as she could go.

Katinka and her mother were not glad to see her; but roughly snatched the beautiful violets without thanking her. "Where did you find them?" asked her stepmother.

"Way up on the mountain!" replied Dobrunka.

The next day Katinka said to her, "You found the violets. Now go and bring me some strawberries." Then she gave Dobrunka a basket, pushed her out of the house, and shut the door, so that she could not get in again.

Dobrunka, looking for the light that had guided her before, climbed the hill. When she found it, she followed it till, after a long time, she came to the Twelve Months sitting silently around their fire.

January did not look much pleased to see her. "What, are you back again so soon?" he asked. "Did you not have enough violets?"

"I did not want to come," said Dobrunka, sadly, "but I was sent out for strawberries. Please tell me where to find them."

"Dry your eyes, child," said January, kindly. "It is not your fault. Brother June will help you."

June took January's staff and slowly stirred the fire with it. Before their eyes, the snow melted and the strawberries ripened. Dobrunka joyfully picked them, thanked the Twelve Months, and ran home. Katinka and her stepmother seized upon the strawberries and ate them all, without offering Dobrunka a single one.

The next day, the stepmother said, "Go and bring some fine red apples at once, or I will give you a good beating."

This third time January seemed glad to see her. He moved away from the fire to make room for her. "Well, child, what have they told you to bring back to-day?" he asked.

Dobrunka tearfully told him. "Do not cry, brother September will attend to that in no time!" he said kindly, as he gave his staff to September.

September arose, stirred the fire, and it became autumn. A tall apple tree grew. On the tree were two bright red apples. "Shake the tree and take your apples," said September to the timid girl. She shook the tree and two apples fell to the ground. She gathered them up in her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and ran home.

"Where did you find these red apples?" asked Katinka, snatching them rudely.

"I picked them from an apple tree, which grew high up on the mountain," answered poor Dobrunka.

Katinka and her mother greedily ate the two apples. They thought that they had never eaten anything half so nice. "Why did you not bring more?" asked Katinka, striking her.

"That is all that fell," meekly replied her sister.

"I do not believe it!" cried Katinka, angrily. "I will go myself, find that tree, and get all of the apples for you and for me."

Wrapping herself in her furs, she hurried into the forest. She saw the light, followed it, and came upon the Twelve Months, sitting around the fire.

"Shake the tree and take your apples," said September.

As she drew near, January said to her, "Where are you going?"

"What business of yours is it, old graybeard, where I am going?" she answered rudely. Then she went into the forest.

January waved his staff and frowned. The sky grew dark and heavy snow began to fall. Katinka lost her way. As she did not return, her mother was much worried, and at last she could no longer endure the anxiety, so she put on her heavy cloak and went to look for her daughter on the mountain. Snow was everywhere, but she could not see any trace of Katinka's footprints. She went on and on, calling her daughter's name as she went. No one answered her.

Dobrunka waited and waited, with her face against the window pane. She prayed for them, and still they did not return. In the spring some wood-cutters found their dead bodies in the forest. The little house and farm now belonged to Dobrunka. She was married, after a while, and was very happy.

On the cold January evenings, she often gathered her children around her knee and told them this story of the Twelve Months.

— EDWARD LABOULAYE (adapted).

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS

Hundreds of years ago in Rome, a Roman officer used to call out in a public square the name of each month and the festivals that came in it. He did this on the first of every

month, because there were no calendars to tell the order of the month. Our word *calendar* comes from the name of the day on which he called out the new month.

Sometimes these men were careless about counting, and the months were not always begun when they ought to begin. This caused a great deal of trouble. At last, in the year 46 B.C., Julius Cæsar made a calendar. He arranged it so that there should be three hundred and sixty-five days in most of the years and three hundred and sixty-six days in leap year.

This calendar is named the Julian calendar after him. It has been used ever since by all civilized nations of the world. It is the one which we use.

Let us see how the months received their names.

The Story of January

Far across the ocean lies the country of Italy. In that land there is a city called Rome. Long years ago, Rome was the greatest and richest city in the world.

Janus.

The Romans were a brave people and were famous soldiers. They did not believe that there is one god who rules the world. They thought that there were many different gods and they made images of each one.

One of these gods was Janus, the god of beginnings. In the center of the city stood the Temple of Janus. It was a covered archway with twelve gates. Whenever the Romans began anything new, they first went to pray in the temple of Janus.

When the Romans were at war, they opened the gates of this temple. They did this, so that the god might go out to help the soldiers. When they were at peace, they kept the gates closed, so that the god might not run away. The Romans were such great fighters that the gates of the temple of Janus were nearly always open.

Janus also had charge of all gates and doors, especially the gates of heaven. Because he had charge of gates and doors, his image is always made with two heads, so that he could see both ways. When the Romans named their months, they called the first month of the year the month of Janus, or January.

There were three reasons why they did this. First, Janus was the god of beginnings and January begins the year. Second, Janus had two heads and so could see in front of him and back of him. The first month of the year looks back upon the old year and forward to the new year. Third, the temple of Janus had twelve gates, one for each of the twelve months of the year.

So the Romans said, "There are three things about the first of the month that make us think of Janus. Let us name the first month of our year for him." Ever afterward, the first month of the year was called January.

After they had named this month for Janus, they used to

show by his image that he began the year. They bent three fingers of his right hand, so as to make three capital C's, to mean three hundred. They spread the fingers of his left hand to show one capital L, and three capital V's, so as to make sixty-five. They did this to show that there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

How February was Named

February is the second month of the year. In most years, it has twenty-eight days. In leap years it has twenty-nine days.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
All the rest have thirty-one
Excepting February alone,
Which has but twenty-eight in fine,
Till leap-year gives it twenty-nine.

The name of this month comes from the word that means "to purify." This month was so-called, because the great Roman festival of the purifying of everything came at the last of this month. The feasts of Pan, the god of nature, were also held in this month.

The Month of March

March, the third month of the year, was named in honor of Mars, the Roman god of war. The Saxons called it the loud and stormy month.

There is an old English and Scottish saying which says that March borrows three days from April. The last three

days of March are called the "borrowed days." An old rhyme says,

> "March borrowed from April
> Three days and they were ill."

Another rhyme says,

> "The first — it shall be wind and wet,
> The next — it shall be snow and sleet.
> The third — it shall be such a freeze
> Shall make the birds stick to the trees."

There is an old proverb which tells us, "A bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom." This means that dry weather in March is good for the wheat and rye, and thus makes the farmers rich. A wet March means poor crops.

The Month of April

April is named from a word which means "to open everything," because in April all of the buds and blossoms open and bloom. The old Romans held the month of April sacred to Venus, the goddess of beauty. The festival of Venus was held on the first day of the month.

To-day, we call the first of April, "April fool's day," because on that day children delight to play tricks on each other and on grown-up people.

The Month of May

Some people say that May was named from Maia, the mother of Mercury, the messenger of the gods. Others think that it was named from the Roman word meaning "fathers," and that this month is sacred to the city fathers.

On the first day of this month, the Romans made a great festival in honor of Maia.

In England and in the United States the first day of May is called May-day. In England, all ranks of people used to go "a-maying," early in the morning. They arose at sunrise and went out into the woods to dance, frolic, and pick flowers in honor of the coming of the spring. They marched back carrying the Maypole, trimmed with flowers and ribbons. A girl was chosen "Queen of the May." They placed her upon a throne and all of the people were her attendants. This May-day frolic was one of the great times of the year.

The Story of June

There are three stories about how this month was named. One story tells us that it was named from Juno, the queen of the gods. A second story says that it comes from a word meaning "union." It was, according to this story, named in honor of the union of the Roman tribes with the Sabine tribes. A third story tells us that it was named after the juniors, or young men of the tribe.

It is a very beautiful month. It was a favorite month with the Romans. Nearly all of their weddings were celebrated in June.

The Month of July

July is the seventh month in the year. It once had a different name — a name which told the number of its place in the calendar. Mark Antony, a great Roman general, changed the name of this month to July. He

named it July in honor of Julius Cæsar who was born on the twelfth of this month.

The "dog days," or the hot, muggy, foggy days begin in the latter half of this month.

July is not a very popular month with grown-up people, because it is so very hot. The school children love it, because it brings them their summer holidays. However, away from the hot city, in the mountains and on the sea-shore, it is a delightful season.

St. Swithin's day comes in July. There is an old story which says that if it rains on that day, it will rain for forty days, and that, if it is pleasant on that day, it will be pleasant for forty days. St. Swithin's day is on the twenty-first day of July.

The Story of August

August is the eighth month of the year. The Romans because they had named July for Julius Cæsar, wished to name one month for the Emperor Augustus. They chose August to name in his honor. They chose that month, not because it was his birth month, but because his greatest good fortune had come to him in that month. In this month, he had first been made consul, had twice celebrated a triumph, and had conquered Egypt.

July had thirty-one days, and August had only thirty. So the Romans added one more day to August, so that both months would have the same number of days. Then both Julius Cæsar and the Emperor Augustus would have equal honor.

September

September was named for the word which means "seven." It was the seventh month in the old calendar. When the calendar was made over, it became the ninth month, but the name was not changed. September was the harvest month. There are harvest festivals in all parts of the world.

The Naming of October, November, and December

October was the eighth month of the old Roman calendar; November was the ninth month, and December was the tenth month. When the new calendar made October the tenth month, November the eleventh month, and December the twelfth month, their names were not changed.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK

The Story of Sunday

The seventh day in the week was set apart by the Jews as a *Sabbath*, or day of rest and prayer. Later, the Christians selected the first day of the week for their *Sabbath*, or day of rest and worship. We now call this first day of the week Sunday, because long ago some of the ancient northern people worshiped the Sun on this day.

Among heathen nations, there were many who worshiped the Sun. Nearly all of these nations pictured the Sun-god as a handsome young man. The Greeks named him Apollo. He lived in a beautiful palace of ivory and gold. All of

the doors in his palace were made of silver. In this palace, there was a golden throne, covered with diamonds. The Sun-god sat upon the throne. Around him stood the days, the months, the years, the seasons, and the hours. They were all ready to wait upon him.

He had a beautiful golden chariot. At dawn the hours harnessed six white horses to this chariot. Then the Sun

Guido Reni

Aurora.

drove, from east to west, through the sky, over a path of roses. He reached the western end of his journey in the evening. A beautiful boat with wings was always waiting to take him and his chariot home to his palace.

The Story of Monday

Monday is named in honor of the moon. The word Monday means "moon's day." Because one day of the week was named in honor of the sun, the people thought that another day should be named in honor of the moon. Thus, in our week we have the sun's day and the moon's day.

The Story of Tuesday

The five other days of the week are named in honor of five lesser planets or stars. Some people think that they were named in this way, because in the olden days the Romans used to set apart one day in each week in honor of each one of these planets. Other people think that the old Egyptian star-gazers used to name the day from the star that ruled its first hour.

The Saxons also named the stars after their gods and goddesses. The names given to the seven largest planets, they also gave to the days of the week.

Thus, Tuesday became Tiw's day. Tiw was the sky-god. His changes of mood were shown in the changes of the weather. He was also the god of battles. He was a great fighter.

The Story of Wednesday

Woden gave his name to Wednesday. He was the god of wisdom, strength, and speed. He took care of the sailor, of the traveler far from home, and of the souls of the dead.

The Story of Thursday

Thursday was named for Thor, the god of the thunder. He went about with his mighty hammer, and battered down iron gates and pounded rocks to pieces. When it thundered, the little Saxon children would say, "There is Thor hammering." The lightning flashed from his eyes.

Longfellow, our own poet, thus describes Thor:—

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer;
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

"Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations,
This is my hammer,
Miolner the mighty;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it!

* * * * *

"Jove is my brother;
Mine eyes are the lightning;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the thunder!"

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (Tales of a Wayside Inn.)

(Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Co.)

THE STORY OF FRIDAY

Friday was named in honor of Frea, the wife of Woden. She was a very beautiful woman whose goodness made the world a happy place.

THE STORY OF SATURDAY

Saturday, the name for the last day of the week, was the word with which the Saxons translated the name of the Roman god, Saturn.

An old poet of long ago has written this beautiful little poem about how the days were named, first by the Romans and then by the Saxons: —

> "The Sun still rules the week's initial day,
> The Moon o'er Monday yet retains her sway;
> But Tuesday, which to Mars was whilom given,
> Is Tuesco's subject in the northern heaven,
> And Woden has the charge of Wednesday,
> Which did belong of old to Mercury,
> And Jove himself surrenders his own day
> To Thor, a barbarous god of Saxon clay;
> Friday, who under Venus once did wield
> Love's balmy spells, must now to Frea yield;
> While Saturn still holds fast his day, but loses
> The Sabbath which the central Sun abuses."

— ANONYMOUS.

COMPOSITION

"Myths veil in their inner cells a mystic gift which, like the hazel twig in faithful hands, points sure to hidden truth."

COMPOSITION

Vasilica the Brave

Long, long ago, in the land of Roumania, there lived a blacksmith. He was the best iron worker in the whole country. This man had a son, a brave, strong, handsome young man. He was not afraid of anything, so his neighbors called him, "Vasilica the Brave."

His father wished him to become a blacksmith like himself. Vasilica did not want to learn that trade. Then his father tried to make him become a soldier, but he did not wish to be a soldier, either. His father kept on telling him that he must learn some trade in order to earn his own living. So he tied his few clothes in a bundle and ran away from home.

As he walked along the road with his bundle slung on a stick over his shoulder, he heard the neighing and screaming of a horse. Almost any one else would have run away from such a fearful noise. Vasilica threw down his bundle and ran towards the place from whence the sound came. He soon reached a large field. In this field, a fierce dragon had wound itself around a beautiful horse, and was slowly killing it.

As the horse saw Vasilica, he cried: "Quick! come and save me! I will help you, if you do!"

The dragon said, "Mind your own business, young man, or I will kill you, too."

Vasilica rushed towards the dragon, seized his head from behind, and twisted it until he had broken the dragon's neck. His dead body fell from the horse.

The horse knelt to Vasilica and said: "Master, I thank you. I will be your servant until death."

"Thank you," answered Vasilica.

"Where are we going, master?" asked the horse.

"I do not know," replied Vasilica. "I am called Vasilica the Brave, and I am going out to do brave deeds."

"Vasilica the Brave! I have heard of you. I can take you to a place where you can do a great and good deed. My mistress and her two sisters have been for three years the prisoners of three fearful dragons. You might try to rescue them."

"I can easily do that," answered Vasilica.

"Do not boast," said the horse. "My other master was eaten alive by the weakest of these dragons."

"Who was he?" asked Vasilica.

"He was the son of an emperor," replied the horse. "He fell in love with a princess. When he went to woo her, her father told him that when he had rescued his two other daughters from the dragons, he might have her for his wife. The prince eagerly agreed to this. During the night, the dragons came and carried off his intended bride. In the morning he set out eagerly; he was brave but rash, and would not listen to my advice. The dragon quickly killed and ate him. Since then I have been wandering about,

trying to find some brave man to avenge his death and to rescue those unhappy princesses."

"Tell me where to find these dragons," said Vasilica.

"You must cross nine kingdoms and nine seas. But that need not trouble you. I am a flying horse. We can go as fast as the wind. I can change myself and others into any shape that I please. Come with me. You can kill the dragons, rescue the princesses, and take the great wealth of the dragons. I have often heard them say, 'If ever Vasilica the Brave crosses our path, our power is at an end.'"

They flew a very long way through the clouds. Then they alighted in a green field. Many flowers grew there. In the center of the field, stood a great copper castle. It shone brightly in the sun.

"This is the palace of the smallest dragon," said the horse. "Go and knock at the door. It will be opened by the eldest princess. Do not be afraid. The dragon is away hunting. You will know when he returns. He will fling his club six miles before him. The club will enter the castle alone, and will hang itself up on a nail. If you wish him to know that you are there, take the club and fling it back. Then go to meet him."

As soon as the horse had stopped speaking, Vasilica went straight to the palace gate and knocked three times. The eldest princess was walking in the garden. She opened the door.

When she saw Vasilica, she cried out in surprise. She had not seen a man since the dragon had stolen her.

"Good day, fair princess," said Vasilica.

"Brave knight, you are welcome," said the princess. "How did you get here?"

"I came to rescue you," he answered. "May I come in?"

"God grant that you may rescue me!" she cried. "Come in, but you must go before the dragon returns."

She brought him into the castle and gave him food and drink. While she and Vasilica were talking, a great noise was heard. The gates flew open and the dragon's club came in and hung itself upon the peg on the wall. The princess trembled, but Vasilica seized the club, turned it three times in a circle above his head, and threw it back to the dragon. It fell to the ground at the dragon's feet.

"My club!" roared the dragon. "Who has dared to touch you? Only Vasilica the Brave could have done this."

"You are right!" cried a voice close by. "I am Vasilica the Brave."

"Good!" cried the dragon. "I have long wished to kill you." He rushed at Vasilica, and for three long hours they fought. At sunset Vasilica thrust his dagger into the dragon's mouth. Then he cut off his head and, dragging it after him, returned to the princess. "You are free, fair lady!" cried he, throwing the dragon's head at her feet.

"May God reward you!" answered the princess.

For one week Vasilica rested at the castle. Then he mounted his horse, and flew again through the clouds. When the horse alighted upon the ground, Vasilica saw

directly in front of him a palace of pure silver. "Here," said the horse, "is the home of the second dragon. He is more fierce than the one that you killed."

Vasilica laughed and knocked at the palace gate. The

"Vasilica thrust his dagger into the dragon's mouth."

second princess was surprised, but delighted to see him. She set food before him. While he was eating, the club of the second dragon flew in and hung itself upon a peg in the wall. Vasilica threw it back. When the dragon saw his club fall at his feet, he said: "Only Vasilica the Brave could have done this. If he is here, my eldest brother must be dead."

"You are right," answered Vasilica. "He is dead, and

you will soon be dead, too." Then he rushed at the second dragon. For four hours they fought. Then Vasilica cut the dragon's throat. He struck off his head and went back to the castle. For two weeks he remained the guest of the princess. When he was rested, he went to seek the third and last dragon.

He mounted his horse and flew to a field where a great castle of solid gold shone brightly in the sun. The horse said to him: "You must be careful, master. This is the most terrible of the three dragons. Think about turning back, before it is too late."

"Vasilica is no coward!" answered the young man, bravely. "If I go back, the youngest princess, for love of whom your master died, will not be saved."

Then Vasilica knocked at the castle gate. It was opened by the youngest princess. While he was telling her how he had killed the two other dragons, the third dragon's club came in. Vasilica caught it, before it could hang itself upon its peg, and threw it back. "This is the work of Vasilica the Brave!" cried the third dragon. "He must have killed my two brothers, so I will kill him."

"All right, if you can!" shouted Vasilica, throwing himself upon the dragon. Six long hours they fought. It was a fearful battle, and soon both received many wounds. At last the dragon suddenly changed himself into a much larger, flaming red dragon, with a mouth two yards wide and a seven-forked tail. Vasilica, with the help of the horse, changed himself into a green dragon, just like the red one. Six hours these two dragons fought. Then the red dragon

changed himself into a wheel of red fire. The horse helped the green dragon change into a wheel of green fire.

Just then a vulture was seen flying through the air. The red wheel called to him: "Vulture, come dip your wings in the water and wet the axle of my wheel. Then I will give you an animal to feed upon."

"Dear vulture," cried the green wheel, "go dip your wings in the water and wet the axle of my wheel. Then I will give you *three* animals to feed upon."

The vulture dipped his wings in the river and wet the axle of the green wheel. At once its strength was doubled, and it rushed again at its enemy. The red wheel became a sheet of fire. It exploded with a great noise. Vasilica changed himself back into his own form. He struck the red wheel with his dagger. It turned back into the dragon, who poured out streams of blood, and fell dead. Vasilica cut off its head and said to the vulture, "You may have the bodies of this dragon and of his two brothers."

"I do not need them," said the vulture, changing into the faithful horse.

"Thank you, dear horse," said Vasilica. "We are even. I saved your life, and now you have saved mine. Let us go together to the youngest princess. Then we will go home."

"We have more work to do," said the horse. "We will go and rest in the palace of the youngest princess, and then we must kill the mother of these dragons."

They went back to the youngest princess. She entertained them in her castle for three weeks. Then the horse

said to Vasilica: "If we would save the three princesses from great danger, we must kill the mother of the dragons. This is the hardest task of all. You must fight her, not with strength, but with cunning and with deceit. She will kiss you, and at the same time stab you from behind. She has three very lovely daughters. They are all beautiful, but the youngest is perfect. If we can get her youngest daughter, the old dragon will be in our power."

They flew along until they came to a golden palace, studded with diamonds. The old dragon did not yet know that her sons were dead. She was walking in the garden with her daughters, when her youngest daughter heard a cat purr. Looking down, she saw a beautiful white kitten rubbing itself against her feet. "Oh, mother!" she cried, "see what a pretty kitten!" Then she sat down on a low bench and took the kitten on her lap. The mother came up to her, sniffed, and said, "I can smell the flesh of a man."

"Where?" asked her daughter, looking around; "I see no man here."

"What is that on your lap?" asked her mother.

"Don't you see? It is a kitten."

"Kitten!" said her mother. "His eyes look like those of a man. Here, you kitten, take your own shape, or I will tear you into a thousand pieces!" The kitten paid no attention, but just went on playing, as any kitten would.

The old dragon was very angry. She took the kitten by the nape of the neck and carried it to the edge of a pond. Then she said, "Now, kitten, take your own shape, or I

will drown you!" The kitten said nothing, and began to play with the lace on her dress.

"Let him alone, mother," cried the girl. "Don't you see it is only a kitten? If it had been a man, it would have been afraid and would have obeyed you. Don't throw it into the water!" The old dragon tried to throw the kitten into the pond, but it scratched her so hard that she let it fall to the ground.

"I am glad that it scratched you," said the girl, picking it up. "You shall not hurt it, for it is the only plaything that I have ever had!"

The old dragon dragged her daughter indoors, took the kitten from her, and said, "If you do not take your own shape, sir, I will throw you into this hot oven!"

The kitten touched a hot coal, mewed with pain, and jumped out of the window. The girl ran after it, but the kitten ran across the garden, through the gate, and into the wood. She followed it, until she was far out of sight of the castle.

Then the kitten suddenly changed itself into Vasilica the Brave. He seized the girl in his arms, and jumped on his faithful horse. All three were soon soaring through the clouds to his native city. His girdle was full of precious stones that had been given to him by the three princesses. He sold these and built a fine house. Here he and his bride lived for many happy years. The old dragon lost her power when she lost her youngest daughter, so she could not hurt the three princesses any more.

—Adapted from a Roumanian Legend.

Legend of the Iris

Once, in the days of long ago, the flowers all met to hold the festival of the rainbow. All were very beautiful. The rose was shell-pink. The lily wore a dress of silvery white. The loveliest one of all was a stranger.

This flower wore a deep blue robe, like the sky at twilight. Her petals were softly shaded, like the clouds. No one knew her, nor did any one know her name.

At last one flower cried, "See the rainbow colors in her dress!" Just then, the rain stopped falling. The rainbow came out in the sky. "See!" cried one of the flowers. "Her dress looks like the colors in the rainbow!"

"Let us call her Iris, the rainbow messenger!" cried all of the flowers together. To this day her name is Iris. Have you ever seen her?

The Forget-me-not

When to the flowers so beautiful
  The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one,
  All tremblingly it came.
And standing at its Father's feet,
  And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
  And with a modest grace,

"Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot!"
The Father kindly looked Him down,
And said, "Forget-me-not!"

— ANONYMOUS.

THE FOX AND THE HORSE

A Play

Time — Long Ago
Place — A Forest

ACT I

HORSE. [*To himself.*] Alas! Alas! Master thinks that I am too old to work, so I must find my own food. What shall I do? All the grass is hard and dry. I can find no water. Well, good Mr. Fox lives in this forest. I will ask him to tell me what to do.

[*He stops at Mr. Fox's house.*]

FOX. Good morning, Mr. Horse! What a beautiful morning this is! Hear the birds sing! Why, then, do you look so sad?

HORSE. Oh, dear Mr. Fox, my heart is broken because I have no longer any home. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

FOX. Cheer up, Mr. Horse. Tell me all of your sad story, and I will do my best to help you.

HORSE. When I was young and strong, I worked hard for this man. I helped him plow. I drew his wagon. I took him to town. I even let his children ride upon my broad back. He used to feed me and give me sugar. Now

that I am so old that I cannot work hard he beats me. To-day he turned me out-of-doors.

FOX. Poor Mr. Horse! No wonder that you are so sad! I am sorry for you. It must be hard to lose your home in your old age. But did your master tell you never to come back?

HORSE. He told me never to come back unless I brought him a lion. Of course, I could never do that.

FOX. Do not be so sure of that. Every cloud has its silver lining. I will help you, so do not worry. Only you must do exactly as I tell you.

HORSE. I know that you are wise, Mr. Fox, so I will obey you.

FOX. Then do this: Lie down with your head resting upon the ground. Close your eyes tight. Keep very still and make believe that you are dead.

HORSE. [*Lying down.*] I am dead.

FOX. A lion lives in a den not far from here. I will get him as quickly as I can. Good-by!

[*Fox goes out.*]

ACT II

FOX. [*Knocks at door of lion's den.*] Good day, Mr. Lion! Come with me, and I will show you where there is a horse lying dead in the road. He will make you a fine meal.

LION. Thanks! I need one, for I am very hungry. I will go back with you at once.

[*Both go back to where the horse is lying.*]

FOX. Now, Mr. Lion, here is the horse, but it will not be safe to eat him here. You ought to drag him to your den and eat him there.

LION. That is good advice. How can I ever thank you enough?

FOX. Oh, that is all right. I always like to help a friend. I will tie the horse's tail to your tail. Then you can easily drag him to your den.

LION. All right. [*Turning his back.*]

[*The fox ties the long hairs of the horse's tail around the lion's legs.*]

FOX. [*Whispering to the horse.*] Drag! Drag!

HORSE. [*Jumping up quickly and running away, dragging the lion with him.*] Thank you, Mr. Fox.

LION. [*Roaring.*] Help! Help!

BIRDS. What is that noise? [*Flying to where the lion and the horse are passing.*] What a funny sight to see the horse dragging the lion!

[*They laugh and sing.*]

HORSE. [*Stopping at his master's door.*] Here we are at last!

MASTER. [*Hearing a noise and rushing out.*] What have we here?

HORSE. Here is your lion!

MASTER. So it is! You are a smarter horse than I thought you were. I did wrong to drive you out yesterday. You have taught me a lesson that I shall not soon forget. You shall have a good home with me as long as you live. Come in.

HORSE. Thank you. Now I am happy again! Even if I am old, I will help you all that I can.

TWO SURPRISES

A workman plied his clumsy spade
  As the sun was going down;
The German king with his calvalcade
  Was coming into town.

"The king stopped short."

The king stopped short, when he saw the man, —
  "My worthy friend," said he,
"Why not cease work at eventide,
  When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said,
  "And I am always free;
Though I work from the time I leave my bed
  Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the king, "is thy gain a day?"
  "Eight groschen," the man replied.
"And can'st thou live on this meager pay?"
  "Like a king!" he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
  And two for a debt I owe;
Two groschen to lend and two to spend
  For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the king. Said the toiler, "Yea,
  To my mother with age oppressed,
Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
  And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend of thy daily store?"
  "To my three boys at school. You see,
When I am too feeble to toil any more,
  They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said.
  "My sisters are old and lame;
I give them two groschen for raiment and bread,
  All in the Father's name."

Tears welled up in the good man's eyes —
  "Thou knowest me not," said he;
"As thou hast given me one surprise,
  Here is another for thee.

"I am thy king; give me thy hand," —
  And he heaped it high with gold —
"When more thou needest, I command
  That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward
The man who can proudly say,
That eight souls he doth keep and guard,
On eight poor groschen a day." —ANONYMOUS.

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S NEST

Long ago the Emperor Charles was fighting in Flanders. When the last battle was over, he said: "Take down the tents. We will march on to-night."

The soldiers' tents were taken down and made ready for the journey. Only the emperor's tent remained. There it stood, alone on the plain, a beautiful tent, made of cloth of gold. This cloth was held in place by brass spears. Above it, flew a flag bearing the arms of the emperor. The emperor came out of his tent and mounted his horse. As he did so, he turned back to look at his tent. Already the soldiers were beginning to take it down.

As the emperor looked, he saw, for the first time, that a bird had built her nest in the top of the tent. In the nest lay her eggs. The poor bird was flying to and fro, above the nest, with loud cries of sorrow. The sight touched the brave old emperor's heart. He ordered curtly, "Let it stand!" Then he mounted his horse and rode away.

The summer drew to an end. The eggs hatched into little birds who grew up and flew away, but the tent remained standing. Its costly cloth was torn by the winds and faded by the rains, but still it stood upon the plain, a reminder of the brave old emperor who was too kind-hearted to destroy the home of even a little bird.

—AN OLD STORY.

The Bell of Atri

Long ago, in the sunny land of Italy, there was a little city called Atri, which was ruled by a good king. He was a very good man, who feared that the poor people might not always get justice. So in the market place of the city

"As he nibbled the green leaves, the bell swung to and fro."

he hung a great bell, and sent through the city a crier to shout, "If any one is wronged, let him ring this bell! Then the king will himself give him justice!"

In the city there lived an old man. When he was young, he had been a brave knight. Then he had loved to fight and had taken good care of his big war horses and of his

fine dogs. Now that he had grown old, he had become a miser. All day long, he sat in his little house and counted his gold. He had sold all of his dogs and all of his horses except one, his favorite war horse.

At last this old miser became too stingy to feed even the old horse. So he turned him out to find his own food. All day long the poor horse walked up and down the dusty roads. He could find very little grass, and he soon became very thin and hungry-looking.

In Italy, it is the custom for the people to sleep during the hot noonday. One day the people of Atri were suddenly awakened by the ringing of the justice bell. The king and his council hurried to the market place. The bell was still ringing, for the old horse was nibbling at a vine which had grown around the rope. As he nibbled the green leaves, the bell swung to and fro.

The king laughed. He said, "I am very glad. The horse has rung the justice bell, and he, too, shall have justice!" Then he ordered the knight to give the horse a good home for the rest of his life. He said to him, "This old horse served you well when he was young. Thus he has earned a good home for his old age."

Then the king turned to the people and said, "My bell is better than a church bell. The church bell only rings you to the door. My bell goes into court and gets justice, even for dumb animals. It shall make the town of Atri famous for all time." And so it has.

—Adapted from Longfellow's Poem.

Legend of the Forget-me-not

Long ago, an angel dearly loved a maid who lived upon the earth, so he was sent out of Paradise. He could not enter its gates again, until this maid had planted the Forget-me-not, in every corner of the world.

He came down to earth to help her. Hand-in-hand they walked over the whole world. Everywhere they planted this beautiful flower.

When they had done this, both were allowed to enter Paradise. Here they were happy forever afterwards. When we pick the forget-me-not, let us think of their sweet story.

— Adapted from a German Legend.

Perseus and the Gorgon's Head

"Whenever a noble deed is done,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise."

Long ago, in the little valley of Argos, in the sunny land of Greece, King Acrisius ruled over a warlike people. With him lived his daughter Danaë and her baby son Perseus. He was so fair and so bright that he was called "The Child of the Morning." King Acrisius did not love him, for he had been told that he would lose his life through this beautiful baby boy.

For this reason he placed Danaë and Perseus in a large chest and let it drift far out to sea. Poor Danaë was very much afraid. She held her baby tightly in her arms and cried herself to sleep. All night the chest floated gently

under the starlit sky. Just as day was breaking, it drifted upon the beach of a little island. The noise of the grating sand awoke Danaë. When she looked around, she was very much afraid, for she saw a man coming towards them. It was a brave fisherman, on his way to cast his net. He saw the chest with its passengers, helped them out, listened kindly to their sad story, and then took them to his home. The fisherman's wife said to Danaë: "We are old; Heaven has never blessed us with children. You shall be our daughter."

Years went by. Danaë worked happily, spinning and helping the fisherman's wife. Perseus had grown from a laughing baby into a brave, handsome young man. One day Polydectes, the king of the island, saw beautiful Danaë and fell in love with her. The king was very angry, when she refused to marry him. He thought that if he could get rid of Perseus, she might change her mind. One day he said to Perseus, "If you are really as brave as you say you are, you will go and kill the Medusa."

This Medusa had once been a beautiful maiden. For her sins she had been changed into a homely old woman with hissing snakes for hair. She lived in the cold bleak North. Any one who looked upon her cruel face and cold eyes would be instantly turned to stone.

Perseus made up his mind to go and kill her. One night as he lay dreaming about his journey, the goddess Athena came to him in his dream. She told him how many dangers he would have to risk. Then she said, "Now, Perseus, are you still determined to seek the Medusa?"

"Yes, fair goddess," answered Perseus. "I would rather die doing the deeds of a hero than live all of my life like a horse tied in a stall."

Athena smiled at his brave answer, and giving him her shield, she said, "When you are near the Medusa, do not look at her, or you will be turned to stone. Look in the shield instead. It is a magic mirror." She then gave him a pair of sandals which would enable him to fly, and a sword that would cut through anything. Then she told him to set out upon his journey.

Grasping the shield and the sword in his hand, he was about to walk, but the magic sandals lifted him far up in the air, and he found that he could fly as easily as a bird.

Faster and faster he flew through the air. He left behind him the sunny land of Greece and flew over the cold land of the frozen North. At last he came to the land of darkness. In this land lived three horrible sisters, who were the only living creatures who knew where Medusa lived. The three had only one eye among them. This, in turn, was passed from one sister to the other.

Perseus swooped down and seized the eye just as one sister was passing it to another. "If you want your precious eye," said he, "tell me where Medusa lives!" The oldest of the three sisters answered, "She lives far away in the frozen North in a cave in the mountains!" Perseus gave her the eye and flew towards the north. As he passed through this country, he stopped to speak to the giant Atlas, who held the world upon his back. He told him where he was going. Atlas begged him to show him

Medusa's head on his return, and thus end the agony caused by his heavy burden. Perseus promised to do so, and continued his journey.

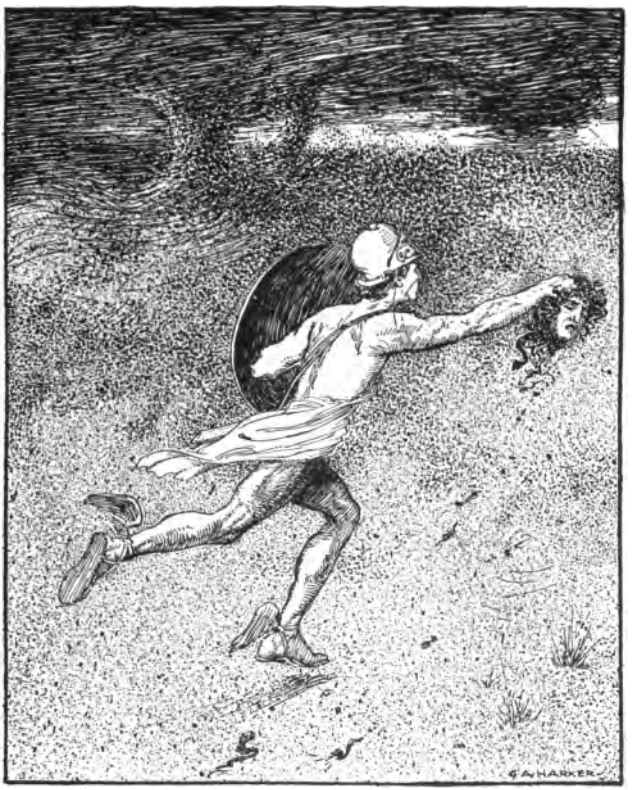
He next came to a beautiful garden. In this garden, was a tree with apples of pure gold. Three beautiful maidens lived here. They begged him to stay. When he refused, they told him that he must go still farther north. Once more his magic sandals carried him through the air.

At last, far away, he saw Medusa, tossing to and fro in sleep. Beside her were her two sisters. After a great deal of trouble he killed first the two sisters and then Medusa. He cut off her head and flew toward home. As he flew on, the blood from Medusa's head trickled down in streams to the earth. There, in the hot sands, it gave birth to many poisonous snakes.

Perseus, remembering his promise to Atlas, flew to him and showed him the head of Medusa. As Atlas saw him coming, he cried out: "Welcome, friend! Hurry and end my sufferings!" Perseus opened the bag and held up the head so that Atlas could see it. With a heavy groan, Atlas changed into stone. You may still see him standing, in the Atlas Mountains which have been named for him.

After many strange adventures, Perseus at last reached his island home. Danaë and the old fisherman were very, very glad to see him. While Perseus had been away, the king had been very unkind to them both. Perseus was most angry when he heard this, and at once made haste to the palace. A great feast was being held. As he reached the doorway, he heard the king say, "I am well rid of

Perseus. Years ago I sent him to bring back to me the head of Medusa. He has not returned." Then laughing,



"He cut off her head and flew toward home."

he cried out, "O brave Perseus, when will you show me the head of Medusa?"

"Now, since you wish to see it so much!" thundered

Perseus, stepping into the great hall. All looked in astonishment at him. King Polydectes and all of his guests looked and were turned into stone. If you go to that little island of Greece, you can still see this circle of stones.

Perseus himself then became king. When his mother desired to return to her old home, he granted her wish. Both received a royal welcome from her father. Long since he had repented his cruelty. One day while Perseus was playing a game of quoits with his grandfather, he accidentally killed him. Thus the old prophecy came true. Perseus was very sorry. He left his native land and went back to his island. He was so sad because he had killed his grandfather that he soon died of grief. The gods, who had always loved him, placed him among the stars. He may still be seen there. Have you ever seen him?

—From the Greek.

The Gold-giving Serpent

In a little village in India, there lived a poor farmer. One day, in the hot noontime, as he lay down under a tree to rest, he saw a great snake creep out of an ant-hill. He said to himself, "This snake is the god of this field, and I have never worshiped it. That must be why I have had such bad luck. I will make an offering to it, and perhaps my luck will change."

He brought a bowl of milk and set it near the ant-hill, saying, "O god of this field, I did not know until now that you lived here, and that is why I have not brought you an offering before this. Please accept this and for

give me." He set the bowl of milk down and went away.

That evening he came back to the hill. There was a gold coin in the bowl. He was delighted. Every morning for a long time, he brought a bowl of milk to the snake. Every night he found a gold piece in the bowl.

One day he had to go to the village, so he sent his son to fill the bowl with milk. That night his son went to get the empty bowl. When he saw the gold coin in the bowl, he thought: "This ant-hill is full of gold coins. I will kill the snake and take them all for myself."

Next day he brought the milk to the snake, and when it was about to drink the milk, he struck it on the head with a club. The snake was not killed, but it was very angry. He stung the farmer's son until he dropped down dead. The people built a funeral pyre and burned the lad's body to ashes.

The next day his father came home. He mourned for his son, but he did not forget the bowl of milk for the snake. After a long time the snake put just the tip of his nose out of the ant-hill and said: "It is only greed for money that brings you here. Because of it, you have already forgotten the death of your son. Your son struck me. I stung him to death. Henceforth, we cannot be friends. How can I forget the blow? How can you forget his death?"

Then he gave the farmer a costly pearl, because pearls are frozen tears and said to him, "Do not come back again." The farmer, blaming his son's foolishness, went away.

Friendship cannot last when there is wrong on both sides.

—A Hindu Legend.

Virtue's Reward

A poor old couple lived peacefully in a little hut in Greece. One day Jupiter, the king of the gods, attended by Mercury, his messenger, was traveling in disguise near their house. The old man, looking out, saw two tired travelers. He invited them to come in and rest. His wife cooked as fine a meal as she could from her poor store. She was going to kill her last goose for the travelers, but Jupiter stopped her. He was the more pleased with their reception of him, because he had found all of the rest of the people wicked and forgetful of the gods.

When Jupiter went away, he sent a great flood to drown all of the wicked people, but he went before the flood and told the poor couple that they were to be rewarded. He changed their poor hut into a great golden temple, and made the old couple his priest and priestess, and granted their prayer that they should both die at the same time.

Many years afterwards they died. He changed them into two trees, an oak tree and a linden tree, which grew side by side in the forest. To this day they are standing side by side in the Greek mountains.

—Adapted from a Roman Myth.

The Daughter of the Rose

Long years ago, there dwelt in the kingdom of Jassy a king and a queen. Their only son wished to see the world, and in order to keep him at home, they made him many fine promises which they never kept.

One day this prince, whose name was Marin, told his mother that if she did not quickly bring to him the beautiful foreign princess promised him for his wife, he would go to find her for himself. He waited for several weeks, but she did not come. At last he mounted his horse and set out to seek her. He rode, until he came to a great field of beautiful flowers. A silvery stream of water ran through the field, and Prince Marin got off his horse and lay down to rest on the bank of a stream, under a rose tree. As he lay there, he thought that he heard a voice from within the tree say, —

> "I pray thee, sweet and loved rose tree,
> Open thy bark and let me free,
> To seek the brook's refreshing wave,
> To cool my face, my limbs to bathe,
> To cull sweet flowers to deck my brow;
> Thou know'st my soul is pure as snow."

The rose tree opened, and from its heart there came a beautiful maiden. She had golden hair, brighter than sunlight. Prince Marin went to her and said: "Sit and talk with me. Give me your flowers, and I will make you a princess."

The maiden believed him. She gave him the flowers, and they sat under the tree, hand in hand. At last they fell asleep. Prince Marin awoke first. He mounted his horse and galloped away.

Before long the prince came to a golden palace, adorned with precious jewels. He knocked at the door and entered. When the king who owned the palace heard that he was the

prince of the rich land of Jassy, he said, "You must see my daughter, the Princess Lexandra."

"Prince Marin went to her and said, 'Give me your flowers, and I will make you a princess.'"

Prince Marin fell in love with Princess Lexandra. In a few days he set off in a chariot to take his intended bride home and present her to his father and mother.

The rose maiden awoke to find herself alone. She was very sad to find that Prince Marin had gone. All she had left was a little bunch of her faded flowers. Rising, she struck the rose tree and said,—

"I pray thee, sweet and loved rose tree,
Open thy bark, make place for me."

But the rose tree would not open. It only said, "Go away, for you cannot enter here any more."

Weeping, she turned away and walked down the road over which Prince Marin had come to her. She met a

monk. He gave her a robe and cowl to wear for protection on the road.

Near the edge of the wood she met Prince Marin and the Princess Lexandra in the chariot, on their way to Jassy. "Good day, young Monk," said Prince Marin. "From where did you come?"

"From the valley," answered the Monk.

"What did you see there?" asked the prince.

"Not much," said the Monk. "I saw a beautiful maiden weeping under a rose tree. She told me her history."

"Tell it to me!" said the prince.

"She told me," said the Monk, "that her home was in a rose tree. One day she met a young prince. He begged for her love, and she gave it to him. Hand in hand, they sat under the rose tree, and fell asleep. When she awoke, the prince was gone. The rose tree would not let her live in it any more, so she sat in the field and wept."

"Jump into the coach," said Prince Marin, "and travel with us."

The Monk did so, and when they arrived at the capital of the kingdom, the prince begged the Monk to be his guest. He gave him a fine room, and every day he made him talk about the rose maiden. At length the prince's wedding day was near, and the Monk could not be found. The prince listened at the Monk's door, and thought that he heard a sigh. Breaking open the door, he found the poor Monk hanging by a cord from a hook on the wall. Quickly he cut him down. As he did so, he opened the Monk's cowl and frock to give him air. The pale face and golden

hair of the rose maiden were seen. Overcome with sorrow and love, he called to his parents, the king and queen, "This is my own true princess. Send the other one home. I will marry no one but the rose maiden!"

Princess Lexandra was sent home with rich presents. Prince Marin and the rose maiden were married and lived happily ever after.

— Adapted from a Roumanian Fairy Tale.

Apollo and Daphne

One day Apollo, the god of the sun, saw Cupid, the god of love, playing with his bow and arrow. Apollo had just conquered a great serpent, and he was filled with pride. "You little mischief-maker," said he to Cupid, "let the weapons of war alone. See this great snake that I have just killed with my bow and arrow. Leave them for me, and be satisfied with your torch, child."

Cupid answered, "Your arrows may strike all other things, but mine shall strike you." Then he took from his golden quiver two arrows — one to arouse love and the other to destroy it. With the first one, he shot Apollo. With the second one, he shot Daphne, a beautiful maiden.

Apollo saw Daphne, and fell in love with her. She did not love him, but was afraid of him. She ran through the woods, but he ran after her. He called to her to stop, but she only ran the faster. Just as he had nearly caught up with her, she called to her father, the river god, "Dear father, let the earth open to hide me, or else change this form that has brought me such trouble."

Hardly had she done speaking, when she began to be changed. Her hair became leaves; her arms became branches; her feet stuck fast to the ground and became roots.

Apollo stood with sorrow before the tree. "Since you cannot be my wife," he said, "you shall be my tree. Your leaves shall be used to form the crowns for the brows of the victors in my games. You shall be always young."

The laurel tree into which Daphne had changed gracefully bowed its head in thanks. Ever afterwards, the laurel was the emblem of Apollo. The victors in his games were always crowned with a wreath of laurel.

"Hardly had she done speaking, when she began to be changed."

—Adapted from a Greek Myth.

How Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to Dinner

One day, Sun, Moon, and Wind went out to dine with their uncle and aunt, Thunder and Lightning. Their mother, a Star, waited at home alone for her children to come home. The Sun and the Wind were greedy and selfish. They ate as much as they could of the great feast

made ready for them. They did not think of their poor mother alone at home; but the Moon did not forget her mother. She put a little bit of each dainty dish under her long finger nails, to take home to her mother.

All night long their mother had watched for them with her bright little eye. As soon as she saw them she said, "Well, children, what have you brought home for me?"

The Sun said to her, "I have brought nothing home to you. I went to have a feast with my friends, not to bring home a dinner to my mother."

Wind said, "I brought nothing for you, either, mother. I thought only of my own pleasure."

Moon said, "Bring a plate, dear mother, and you shall see what I have brought you!"

Star brought a plate, and Moon shook from under her finger nails as fine a dinner as ever was.

The Star spoke to the Sun and said: "Because you thought only of yourself, you shall be punished. Your rays shall be so hot that they shall burn everything that they touch. Men shall hate you and cover their heads whenever you come near." That is why the Sun is so hot to this day.

Then she turned to the Wind and said, "You, too, are selfish. You, also, forgot your mother. You shall always blow in the hot dry weather, and men shall hate you." That is why the Wind in the hot countries is so disagreeable. But to the Moon she said: "Daughter, because you remembered your mother and kept a share for her, you shall be ever cool and calm and bright. Men shall always love you." That is why the Moon's light is so soft and beautiful and why every one loves her. — Adapted from a Hindu Tale.

The Man who Increased his Appetite

Long ago there lived a man who had discovered the secret of doubling things. People brought him their gold and silver and jewels. He waved his hands over them, spoke some magic words, and they became twice what they were before.

One day a stranger came to this man. The man, curious to know what he had brought, said, "Give it to me, my son, and I will double it, whatever it is." The stranger answered: "O holy father, I have brought nothing but my appetite. That is what I wish to have doubled." The magician waved his hands above the stranger, said his magic words, and the man's appetite was doubled. He went away able to eat twice as much as he could eat before.

For some time he was very happy. He spent most of each day eating and drinking, but at last he became worried. It cost him twice as much to live, as it had used to cost him. He spent all of his savings, and then began to be always hungry. He earned just about enough to feed his natural appetite and as he had no way to get enough food he was always hungry. —Adapted from an Indian Legend.

Legend of the Snowdrop

After Adam and Eve had been driven out of Eden, all of the flowers stopped growing. Adam and Eve were wandering sadly away, while the cold, wet snow covered all of the beautiful earth. An angel who felt sorry for Eve came down from heaven to comfort her. As the angel spoke, a snowflake fell upon his hand.

"See," said the angel, "all is not lost. I will give you a token of hope. This little snowflake shall turn into a flower and shall blossom for you." As the snowflake fell from the angel's hand, it turned into a beautiful white flower.

Eve dried her tears and smiled to see its beauty. The angel said to her: "Let this flower be to you a sign of hope. Let it tell you that summer will come soon again."

The angel flew away. Where he had stood, there bloomed a circle of beautiful white snowdrops.

Eve's snowdrop is still the first flower of spring. It pushes its little head up through the snow each year to tell us that spring is coming.

— From the German.

Story of Phaeton

Phaeton, the son of Apollo, went on a visit to his father. Apollo was so glad to see him that he said, "Ask me any favor that you will, and I will grant it."

Phaeton, overjoyed, at once cried, "Dear father, please let me, just for one day, drive your chariot through the heavens."

Apollo was very sad at this wish of his son. He said to him. "My son, ask me some other favor. It is very hard for any one but me to drive this chariot. You will be in great danger."

But Phaeton held Apollo to his promise. Just then the Dawn threw open the purple doors of the east. The Moon went to bed. Apollo ordered the Hours to harness the horses to his chariot. Soon out they came, great beautiful horses, breathing fire from their nostrils. The chariot was of gold, set with diamonds, and the spokes of the wheels were of silver.

Laughingly Phaeton sprang into the chariot, seized the reins, and shouted to Apollo, "Good-by! wish me a safe journey!" They rushed headlong and left the road. The Great Bear and the Little Bear were burned. The heat aroused and made angry the sleeping serpent that lies coiled around the north pole.

Phaeton looked down to earth and began to be afraid. He let go of the reins and forgot the names of the horses.

The clouds and the mountain forests began to burn. Even high Olympus, the home of the gods, caught fire. The heat made the blood of the people of Africa come so quickly to the surface of their bodies that they have been black ever since. The old river god, Nile, fled and hid his head in the sand of Egypt. He has lived there ever since.

Three times Neptune, the god of the seas, tried to lift his head above the waters of the ocean, and three times the heat drove him back to the bottom of the sea. The Earth held up her hands to Jupiter and begged him to save her from the heat. Then Jupiter, to save the world, hurled his thunderbolts at Phaeton. His hair caught fire, and he fell headlong from the chariot. He fell like a shooting star. Whenever the little Greek boys and girls saw a shooting star, they would say, "Look! Phaeton is falling from his chariot!"

Phaeton's sisters stood on the banks of the Nile River and wrung their hands and wept because Phaeton was dead. Their tears, as they fell into the water, became amber. Jupiter changed the sisters into poplar trees. Have you ever seen the poplar trees waving their branches

and moaning and weeping? They are Phaeton's sisters weeping for him.

The Italian nymphs made a tomb for Phaeton. On it was written:

"Driver of Phœbus' chariot, Phaeton,
Struck by Jove's thunder,
Lies beneath this stone.
He could not rule his father's car of fire,
Yet was it much, so nobly to aspire."

— Adapted from a Greek Myth.

The Story of William Tell

ONCE there ruled in the rocky land of Switzerland a governor named Gessler. He was very unjust, and he did many things which made the people very angry. One of these was to put his cap on a high pole, and then order all the people to bow to it, as they passed. He placed a soldier on guard near by. This soldier was to report to him the names of all who did not bow to it.

The people were very angry, but they did not dare to disobey. One day William Tell, a brave archer and a great favorite with the people, walked boldly by and did not bow

to the cap. The soldier reported this to Gessler. William Tell was ordered to appear before the governor.

"Why did you not obey my order?" shouted Gessler, as Tell was brought before him.

Swiss people bowing to Gessler's cap.

"I am a free man," answered Tell. "I meant no insult to you, but I would not bow to such a thing."

Tell was the best marksman in all Switzerland. Gessler thought to hurt him through the archery of which he was so proud. So he turned to Tell and asked, "Which one of your boys do you love best?"

Tell answered, "I love them all alike!"

Gessler sent for Tell's youngest son, and said to Tell:

"You shall show me your skill by shooting an apple from your son's head. If you do not hit the apple the first time, you shall die."

Tell was very angry, and he was afraid for his son, but what could he do? The governor placed the boy against the wall and placed the apple on his head. Tell picked up his bow, but he took two arrows. One he strung to his bow, and the other he placed in his belt. Quickly he drew his bow and shot. The arrow struck the apple in the center and split it in halves.

Gessler was surprised at the wonderful shot. He was disappointed, too, for he would have liked to see Tell miss the apple and shoot his son. He turned to Tell and asked, "Why did you take a second arrow, when you were to have but one shot?"

Drawing himself up proudly, Tell answered, "It was for you, sir, if I missed with the first one."

The governor was very angry. "Because you have dared to do this," he cried, "you shall have the life which I promised you, but you shall not have your freedom."

He had Tell bound and laid in a boat which set sail for Gessler's castle. On the way a terrible storm arose, and Tell was unbound to help sail the boat.

When the boat reached a flat rock, Tell seized his bow and arrows and his son, and jumped from the boat to the rock. He climbed up the cliffs and escaped. He hid himself in the bushes, and when Gessler and his men passed, he stepped out and shot Gessler through the heart. Soon afterward Switzerland became a republic. The people

called Tell their deliverer. He is to Switzerland what Washington is to the United States.

There are many other legends about Tell. Would you like to read some more of them?

—A Swiss Legend.

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